HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 726.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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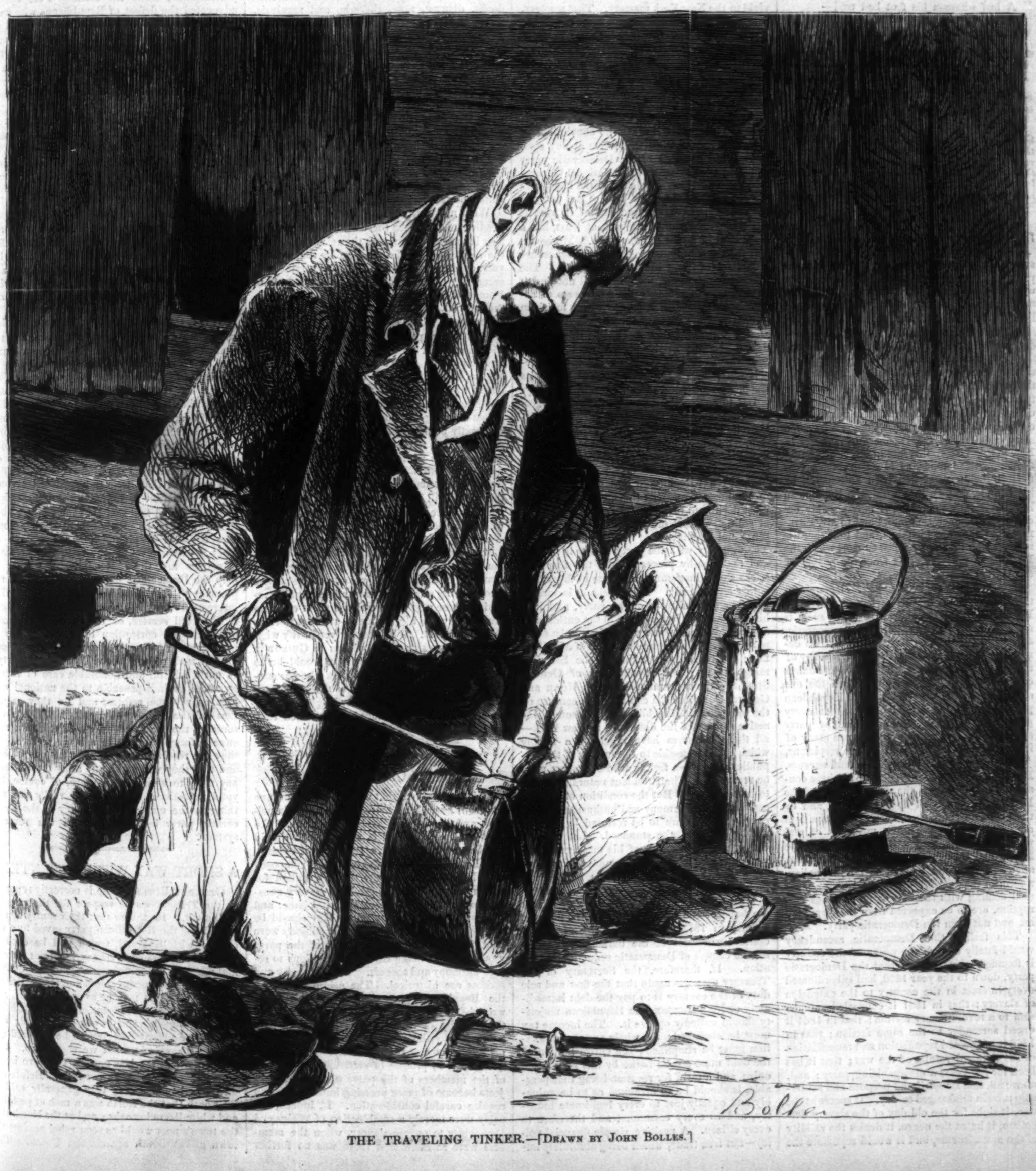
THE TRAVELING TINKER.

THE itinerant tinker, a few years ago, was an important personage in the rural districts. He traveled from village to village, from farm-house to farm-house, and being generally a good-natured, oldish man, with a talent for conversation and telling stories, and always willing to chat over his puttering work, he was almost as welcome as the traveling peddler. The growth of villages, and the increasing cheapness of manufacture, have nearly driven him out of business, and he is now rarely met with except in districts remote from large towns. People have discovered that it is cheaper to throw away leaky pans and kettles, and buy new ones, than to have the old tinkered up. He is, however, to be met with occasionally in the vicinity of our larger cities. The illustration on this page is a sketch from life in a New Jersey village near New York.

CHINESE GODS.

THE amiable celestials do not treat their gods with much veneration. If burning sun, continued drought, and dry weather should prevail, and their simulated offerings, their scant prayers, should not result in the required change of weather, they very coolly take down Joss, kick him and cuff him, and put him out in the sun and heat, just to let him see how *he* likes it! Then, as they keep the poor dumb image out of doors until the rain comes, he gets the credit of having produced it after all; and accordingly becomes duly reinstated to his former dignity, amidst the joyful adoration of his benighted worshipers.

In every corner of the Chinese empire you come upon the Joss-house. Many are crumbling into ruins, and but few of the best are remarkable for any architectural beauty, but make up for any deficiency in that respect by a super-



THE TRAVELING TINKER.—[DRAWN BY JOHN BOLLES.]

abundance of gaudy coloring within. Idols—generally modeled in clay, which is afterward hardened and painted or gilded—are sometimes large and numerous, sometimes few and small, and their physiognomies are either of a sickly leaden hue, an alarming scarlet, or a sooty black. Some idols ride on nondescript animals, others are squatting or standing, and all are curious, not to say eccentric, in aspect. Gold and jewels are often placed in the head of the Joss. The rebels know this, and often sacrilegiously knock large apertures to get out the valuable brains. It was not unusual, after a visitation of Taiping rebels, to see headless trunks of idols in every direction. These rebels treat the paganism of their countrymen with supreme contempt, and it is pitiful to enter a Joss-house where they have been at work, and to view the mutilated remnants of poor battered gods. Truly they are unsparing iconoclasts, and may be the forerunners of better hope for benighted China.

A LEAF.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Where the late leaves lit all the place
He left her, with her ashen face:
We shall not meet, he lightly cried;
Good-by, sweet-heart, the world is wide!

Though bright the sunshine on that day
Through the bare boughs around her lay,
She thought in blackest shadow stood
The melancholy autumn wood.

She bent, and lifted from the sod
A leaf whereon his foot had trod—
An idle leaf—but, dead and sear,
It held the heart's blood of the year!

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Saturday, November 26, 1870.

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THE SITUATION.

THE elections of this autumn were peculiarly interesting, because they were an answer to the inquiry whether the Republican party had fulfilled its mission. The Democrats upon one side, and Mr. Wendell Phillips upon the other, loudly sneered that the Republican party cumbered the ground. They insisted that it was organized to withstand slavery, and that, slavery being utterly abolished, the party was superfluous. Had the political situation been as simple as they represented, they would have been quite correct. The party would be superfluous, and would be discarded by the country. But as it is not discarded, as it will control the next Congress by some sixty majority, as the Democratic majority in New York is not increased, notwithstanding the Republican feuds, as Mr. Phillips's vote falls far below what had been anticipated by his friends, and as, in a word, the Republican line is virtually unbroken, it may possibly occur to the Democratic orators and to Mr. Phillips that they are mistaken, and that there is some reason for the steadfast support which the Republican party receives from the people of the United States.

This reason is evident enough. Upon questions of general policy both parties are divided. For instance, the Republican party, as such, is not a protectionist party, nor is the Democratic, as such, a free-trade party. Both parties demand reduced taxation. The foreign policy of neither party is belligerent. The doctrinaires can please themselves as much upon the one side as upon the other. But the Republican party, being in power, is criticised at every point. Its mistakes are magnified by party spirit, and they chill or even alienate many of its own friends. It is full of the suspicions, jealousies, and hostilities that attend success. Its continued ascendency, despite all these considerations, is due to the deep distrust of the Democratic party felt by the country, and by the profound confidence, even of the impatient and critical, that the great measures of real progress are to be expected from a party of the history and composition of the Republican. A self-respecting and truly wise foreign policy, reform in the domestic civil service, and a practical dealing with the danger of electoral corruption, are to be expected from the Republican, and not from the Democratic party.

This feeling that Democratic ascendency would fatally disturb the peace of the country is founded upon the fact that the Democratic party, down to the year 1860, had subordinated every interest in the country to the extension of slavery; that in 1861 it counseled submission to a revolutionary faction; that in 1864 it urged surrender to the same faction; that in 1868 it advocated repudiation and renunciation of the political results of the war; that it has been for ten years a disorganizing party; and, above all, that its spirit and purpose and leadership remain unchanged to-day. It sneers at the war, it sighs for the old day of the slavery despotism, it hates the negro, it denies the validity of the amendments, and it would repudiate the debt. Mere passive opposition to a party so radically destructive and revolutionary would be enough to hold the Republican party together; and, in view of the facts, the support by some Republicans of certain Democratic candidates, because of some special measures which they are supposed to favor, is as much a betrayal of the great interests of the country as if a Prussian company should shoot their own officers in the back because they fancied that some of the French officers were better soldiers.

That this is the real situation, and that this well-founded and most serious distrust is the explanation of the unyielding Republican strength, is felt by the Democrats themselves. They shout that they have not been defeated in New York, but they are too shrewd not to understand the significance of the whole result. So on the day after the election, when it was clear that their hope of a threatening minority, if not of an actual majority, in Congress was utterly baffled, the New York *World* began to implore its party to understand the situation. The Democratic intention is known. Tammany Hall, the most powerful and unscrupulous organization of political managers in the country, has again elected its docile agent, Mr. John T. Hoffman, Governor of New York. It now proposes to play for the control of the country, with him as its Presidential candidate in 1872. Its organ, therefore, begins immediately to claim that the party is always successful in New York, and that therefore the leaders in other States should yield to the New York mastery. That mastery, it insinuates, is persuaded that there is but one way in which the party can succeed in 1872, and that is by absolute acquiescence in the great Republican settlements of the war, without which the national distrust of the party will remain unshaken.

That it can bring the Democratic party to this acquiescence we do not suppose, because, although Tammany Hall has no convictions or principles except those of success at any cost, there is a large part of the Democratic party which has. Jealousy of the National Government, and hatred of the debt and the negro, are sincerely felt by the great bulk of the party in the country. A very large part of its vote is strictly ex-rebel, and that part, at least, has a great deal of fervor of conviction. Moreover, it is the party of ignorance, and with ignorance prejudices of every kind are invincible. The Tammany managers, therefore, will not find it an easy task to persuade their followers to acquiescence; nor will it be any easier for them to convince the country that they have acquiesced; and could they succeed in this persuasion, the country would only ask why the Democrats should be preferred to carry out the Republican policy, when their general principles and measures are not better and no more timely.

But to enable the country to ask that question decisively the Republican party must declare its policy distinctly upon the actual situation. Strong as its intrenchment is in the national confidence of its maintenance of the settlements, it must make that position impregnable by a wise foreign and domestic policy of administration. To this end the President must decline to listen exclusively to professional politicians, and must trust the general good sense and intelligence of the Republican party. The difficulty with the party to-day is apathy, and that apathy proceeds from the fear that tricks and management are more in favor than ability and honesty. The President is sure of the "regulation" vote of the party, and it is his duty and his interest to win the enthusiasm and confidence of those who refuse to be strict party men. The mysterious recall of Mr. Motley; the remarkable urging of the San Domingo treaty; the appointment of General Sickles; the retirement of Judge Hoar and General Cox from the cabinet; the censure of the independent Republicans in Missouri; the active support of the difference in New York—all these measures have alienated a feeling which is indispensable to the success of the Republican party—a feeling whose support must be recovered. The President naturally wishes to be re-elected. But the condition of his success is the old harmony and enthusiasm of the party, and they are to be restored by raising, not by lowering, the standard. Let General Grant recall the words of his message of last year in regard to political pressure against honest efficiency, and stand by them, and he will find the whole country gladly supporting him.

Meanwhile Congress should understand that the hope of the Democratic party is that the country in 1872 will take the risk of Democratic disturbance of the national settlement for the chance of Democratic reduction of taxation. If, therefore, the Secretary of the Treasury proposes again that the first and sole duty of the country is to pay the debt immediately under a war tax, the Republican majority should unitedly oppose it. The income tax must be abolished; the whole system of taxation must be simplified; the entire burden of the debt must not be borne by this generation only; and a tariff for revenue being indispensable, it should be so arranged as to be palpably and equally just to every legitimate industry, and to every consumer, and therefore to every citizen. A positive, simple financial policy—not free trade, which being absolutely impracticable, is not to be discussed; a conspicuously honest, economical, and efficient administration, looking constantly to fidelity and capacity as the true tenure of office; a resolution of party unity and harmony as the condition of effective opposition to the rule of the country by Tammany Hall—and Republican victory in 1872 is as sure as it was in 1868.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

As we write the armistice has failed, and the war in France is to continue. There are plenty of statements "upon the best authority" as to the reason of the failure. If the French authorities permitted the failure merely because of a refusal to revictual Paris—as Bismarck's note asserts—they certainly did wrong, for Paris is universally declared to be victualed for two months, and there was no counter-consideration for the Germans proposed. That kind of loss should be mutual. The real reason, doubtless, is that no man and no authority in Paris or France are strong enough to seize and treat the actual situation. No one is bold enough to say, and the country does not dare to think, that it is actually conquered, and that it must submit to the best terms that the victor will allow. There is no hint, from any quarter, of confidence, or unity, or comprehension of the situation as existing in France. From every side and from every authentic report there are only universal doubt, distrust, rage, rhetoric, and paralysis. There is a steady pressure of the German siege around Paris, but no effective sallies from the city. There is an evident reluctance to bombard what is felt to be the capital of Europe, but starvation meanwhile does its work. Town after town falls before the Germans. There are rumors of French armies here, of French armies there, but rumors do not break the German lines. Garibaldi appeals to the memories of other days, and to the hope of the Universal Republic; but the cool letters of those who are with him inspire no faith. All that is evident is that France is subdued, and that M. Gambetta declares the republic to be invincible.

What a Constituent Assembly might do it is needless to ask, since there is to be none. This only is tolerably clear, that the authorities doubt the ratification of the republic by the popular vote, or they would make immense sacrifices to secure it. Nothing could be so serviceable to France at this moment as the deliberate declaration of Frenchmen in favor of some form of government. The refusal of the authorities to appeal to the people necessarily covers them with doubt, and of course lessens their influence and command. The evident number and force of the Reds discourage constitutional republicans, and the conviction that so much of the intelligence and character of the country are Orleanist suggests that the political struggle will really be between them and the Reds—the constitutional republicans acting with the Orleanists. As winter approaches the situation will become still more tragical. The actual suffering will be more intense, and the feeling of the world will be that the French authorities ought to have accepted the armistice. Those who have been fondly looking for a great leader—and they are many; who have expected to see a Mirabeau arising to unite France as Peter the Hermit united Europe in a fiery, resistless Crusade, or a Napoleon who would improvise a conquering army from raw and desponding recruits; those who declare that a great occasion always develops a great man—are silent before the terrible fact. Will Trochu yet justify what Marshal Bugeaud wrote of him to Guizot in 1845? "If you knew him you would be as much satisfied with him as I am; he has precisely the head and sentiments that you love. He is calculated to arrive at any height. I know no man in the army more distinguished than he is."

REPUBLICAN REVENUE REFORMERS.

It is very evident that what is called revenue reform is assuming a certain importance in politics, and, as we suggested at the time of the Missouri movement, it is a fact which should not be turned off with a sneer or an epithet. The Republican party was originally composed of Whigs and Democrats. They united for action because they believed the slavery question to be the most urgent and vital issue, and they were agreed in the policy that should be pursued. Their views upon other subjects were held in abeyance, and each wing of the party was willing to make certain concessions to secure harmony and success. That harmony and success are historical. The achievements of the Republican party are the noblest ever wrought by any party. The completeness and the rapidity of its political triumph are only paralleled by the military success of the Germans in France. But, naturally, as the slavery question is in process of settlement, the views of the members of the party upon other subjects become of more pressing importance, and require careful consideration. If, indeed, the party were merely a combination of Whigs and Democrats to oppose slavery, when the members were satisfied that there was no further danger they might return to their old parties. But the situation is not quite so simple.

The Whig party is extinct, and the Democratic party is the residuary legatee of the remains of slavery, and its fatal spirit and disorganizing tendency. Moreover, there is all the new generation of the Republican party—the young men who have been only Republican, and to whom the old Whig and Democratic names are mere traditions. In other words, the Republican party is not, as seems to be often assumed, a league for a particular purpose, which may be harmlessly dissolved when the purpose has been formally fulfilled, but it is a political organization founded upon certain principles, and which has so steadily prevailed because it has applied them with the utmost sagacity to the paramount issues as they arose. The question of revenue and the whole system of taxation, including the tariff, are now becoming prominent; and since the party must occupy some position and hold some policy upon the subject, and can not differ upon a vital point, there is no more interesting question than that of what that policy shall be.

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, in the speech which we elsewhere mention, declared himself a protectionist; and he very truly said that the Republican party in this Congress or the next must decide upon what principle the tariff is to be revised or reconstructed. The *Tribune* asserts that the great mass of the party is protectionist, while the *Evening Post* openly advocated the defeat of Republicans who were not free-traders or revenue reformers; and we had, at the late election, the remarkable spectacle of a Republican paper denouncing the corruption of the Tammany Ring as hostile to the existence and permanence of the government, and in the same breath urging Republicans to vote for a candidate of that Ring, a gentleman who said, during the war, that he considered Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis equally guilty, and to vote for him merely because he was not a protectionist, against Mr. Greeley, who was. At the same time a third of the Republicans in Missouri united with the Democrats to elect a candidate who, in every speech that he made, denounced protection as virtual robbery. And it was announced from Washington, immediately after the election, that an alliance was projected between the revenue-reforming Republicans and the Democrats to organize the House by giving the Speakership to the former and certain advantages in the committees to the latter.

This is the exact situation. As we say elsewhere, we believe that, with wisdom, the unshaken ascendency of the Republican party can be maintained. But it can only be by concession. If the course of the *Evening Post* during the recent campaign should be made that of the Republican revenue reformers, they will, of course, destroy the party. An alliance with the Democrats would be simple absorption; and the revenue reformers would discover that they were merely throwing the fetters of Tammany Hall over the whole country. They will not find that their proposed allies voted for the reduction of taxes at the last session. But they would find that they must either obey those allies or become futile and ridiculous. The question is plain. For the chance of what is called revenue reform upon free-trade principles are these Republicans willing to help the Democratic party to the national supremacy? Are no other questions, no other interests, to be considered? Is not a reform in the civil service, or radical and organized effort against corruption in politics, quite as important as revenue reform, and do they look for any such reform to the Democratic party? Is not a faithful and honorable care of reconstruction as indispensable to the national welfare as revenue reform, and do they expect that of the Democratic party? These are some of the questions which Republican revenue reformers ought to ask themselves. If they are resolved that there is but one object, and that they will make any alliances and take any risks to secure it, they are, of course, beyond reflection. But do they really see nothing in the national ascendency of the Democratic party but a reform in the revenue system?

A SHORT WAY WITH DISSENTERS.

General Butler, if he is correctly reported in the *Tribune*, wants respect for the popular judgment. He thinks that the country can be rallied and the Republican party saved by a cry of war with England, which will be entirely safe, because England, he says, will not dare to make war. We differ with General Butler. It may be very inconvenient for Great Britain to go to war. It may be even hazardous, under existing circumstances. But the blood that flows in English veins is our own blood; and if England believed herself to be insulted she would do precisely what we should do. She would fight to the last gasp. We have heard before that people would not fight. Before our own war began it was very generally said at the South that the North was a mob of peddlers and white-livered sneaks; and at the North that the town's poor would as soon rebel against the town as the South against the Union. This was the Chinese method. It was beating a tremendous tomtom of big words. But the wise men were mistaken. The North and the South did fight, and we have none of us forgotten how.

General **BUTLER** has himself already announced this policy. Upon Memorial-day, a year ago last spring, he addressed the soldiers at Gloucester, and defied Great Britain. There was no response from the country, if we remember correctly. And Senator **CHANDLER** has belabored England in the Senate with the most energetic epithets, and still the country was silent. A war policy! It was tried in Congress last year, with Cuba as the point of departure. There was only Spain to consider, and what was Spain? Then there were a struggling people and a foreign yoke. There were, indeed, a great many grounds of a truly powerful and sympathetic appeal. General **BANKS** tried it. The country smiled at the General's zeal, and went to dinner. What! Have we, then, become indifferent to freedom, to humanity, to our own honor? Far from it; but we have become remarkably perceptive of Buncombe. When the member for that constituency rises we know that we shall hear all about the strawberry mark upon the left arm, and "it is! it is! mee long-lost brother!"—but we have heard it before, and we are a little used to it.

The policy which the General is reported as advocating is the declaration to Great Britain that we propose to settle the *Alabama* difficulty immediately, amicably if possible, if not, then forcibly. The terms of the proposition are, that John Bull is to go down on his wicked old knees and cry *peccavi*, and agree that any Canadian provinces that wish to join the United States shall do so, and the annexation shall be a receipt in full by us for all demands. It is truly simple. It is a transaction for the ocean telegraph. The State Department sends a message to Downing Street. "Do you confess your sins in the *Alabama* case, and will you telegraph a *plebiscite* to the Canadian provinces? If not, war exists between the United States and England." Nothing could be neater or more explicit; and of course England would tremblingly reply, "Any thing you please." This is a policy which is to electrify the whole country, and re-elect General **GRANT** triumphantly, and, of course, bring General **BUTLER** into the State Department. The General's cleverness is unquestioned, his services in the war are gratefully remembered; but does he seriously think that England will be persuaded by a kick, or that it is statesmanship to propose a foreign war as a method of keeping a party in power?

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A SENATOR.

THERE seems to have been an open market for votes at the late election in Rhode Island. The Providence *Journal* asserts that hundreds were bought, that the price was five dollars, and that there was scarcely a pretense of secrecy. It has been often alleged that the politics of the little State were more venal than those of any of the other States, and that preferment and influence have depended mainly upon money. The late contest in Rhode Island has occasioned a great deal of plain talking; and one speech of Mr. **JENCKES** just before the election is of national importance, because of the grave charges which it makes, upon official documentary evidence, against a Senator of the United States. Mr. **SPRAGUE**, one of the Senators from Rhode Island, has been known for some time to be peculiarly hostile to Mr. **JENCKES**, one of the Representatives—a gentleman most honorably known to the country for his bankrupt act, and more especially for his efficient advocacy of civil service reform. The Republican Convention of his district were unable to agree upon a candidate, and referred the selection to the people. There were five candidates at the polls, and Mr. **JENCKES** was defeated. Mr. **EAMES**, who is called a Sprague Republican, was elected, having nearly three thousand majority over Mr. **JENCKES**, and nearly four hundred over all.

Of the local and personal considerations affecting the election we have, of course, nothing to say, except to regret that so experienced, able, and faithful a legislator as Mr. **JENCKES** is lost to the country. But in the speech to which we have alluded Mr. **JENCKES**, after stating very plainly that it was the general impression in Congress that Senator **SPRAGUE**'s will is the law of Rhode Island, and that his will was established by political bribery and fraud, in consequence of which the State was every where notoriously disgraced, proceeded to charge, not, as he said, "without the most ample proof......that, in the darkest days of the war, **WILLIAM SPRAGUE**, formerly Governor, and now Senator, of Rhode Island, in the Congress of the United States, violated the articles of war of the United States in holding commerce with the enemy, and aiding them with money and munitions of war."

Mr. **JENCKES** then read an official report from General **HOLT** to the Secretary of War in 1865, concerning a case of illicit trade to Texas, "implicating **HOYT**, **SPRAGUE**, and others, brought to the notice of the Department by Major-General **DIX**." The substance of the case is, that in the autumn of 1862 certain firms in Providence furnished money with which vessels were bought, loaded with machinery, arms, etc., cleared for foreign ports, and run to Texas under changed flags, the cargoes sold in Texas, and the proceeds invested in cotton. General **HOLT** states that Mr. **SPRAGUE** wrote several letters to General **DIX** denying the statements of **HOYT**, who seems to have been the agent, and who asserts that Mr. **SPRAGUE** was fully informed of every thing, and advised and aided the enterprise. Mr. **SPRAGUE** alleges that his object was to aid Union men in Texas; but no one else, the General says, seems to have taken that view; and Mr. **SPRAGUE**'s brother, who, as the Senator admits, had especial charge of the undertaking, describes its object to have been to get out cotton. General **DIX**, in writing to the Secretary of War, states that the proof of illicit trade is ample, and that it is an important question whether the proceedings should be by military commission or in a civil court, and whether the facts, if proved, are a violation of the laws of war or a still higher crime under the Constitution. General **HOLT**, in conclusion, is of opinion, after an examination of the papers, that the persons involved may be brought to trial for relieving the enemy with money and ammunition, or for violating the laws of war in trading with the enemy. His report is dated June 15, 1865; and he says it is for the Secretary to decide "whether, in view of all the circumstances and of the present condition of affairs," the trial shall be ordered.

To the question, why the accused persons were not tried at the time, Mr. **JENCKES** replies that General **BURNSIDE** advised postponement upon the ground that in that dark hour the trial of a Senator upon such a charge would be too demoralizing a shock to the frontier line. Later, when the report was made by General **HOLT** in 1865, more than two of the three years from the offense, which are the limit within which it can be tried, were passed; there were no national civil courts in Texas, and the authority of commissions was in question in the Supreme Court, which presently denied it; and the offenders, according to Mr. **JENCKES**, thus escaped exposure, trial, and punishment. We understand that Senator **SPRAGUE** has denied either the accuracy of Mr. **JENCKES**'s statement or the inferences of Generals **DIX** and **HOLT**. But the report of the latter gentleman is very emphatic, and General **DIX**'s opinion was that the proof of illicit trade was conclusive. It appeared, for instance, from the invoice of the cargo with which **HOYT** went from Havana to Matamoras, that it included "thousands of cartridges and percussion caps."

Party and personal feeling in Rhode Island are very acrimonious. But these are not the assertions of a partisan, they are official documents of the government. Their charges are so grave, and the implication of Senator **SPRAGUE** is so apparently positive, that no one is so much interested as he in a full and frank statement of the facts. One thing, at least, is very evident. If Mr. **SPRAGUE** satisfactorily explains this extraordinary charge, his opponents in Rhode Island will be decisively and finally overthrown, and his power must remain for a long time unassailable.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND MARRIAGE.

IF the charge that is sometimes carelessly made that the movement for the suffrage of women implies sympathy with the views which some of its prominent friends hold of the divorce laws or of any other subject, the number and weight of those friends would certainly be very seriously reduced. Mrs. **STANTON**, for instance, is very well known as one of the earliest, ablest, and most faithful advocates of the extension of the suffrage to women. Her knowledge and experience as a woman reveal to her a thousand wrongs which might be righted, and measures of common advantage that might be adopted, if women were admitted to equal political power. She is of opinion that the laws of marriage would possibly be altered if women voted; and she has probably very many other expectations of the results that would follow the voting of women. These views she expressed at a late meeting of the friends of woman suffrage in New York. They were her own views, sincerely entertained, eloquently set forth, we have no doubt, and to be judged by their intrinsic merits. But they are not the platform of any woman suffrage society, and are to be received as the expressions of another person might be who should say that the prohibition and extermination of ardent spirits would follow the voting of women, and were in themselves desirable objects.

This speech of Mrs. **STANTON** was very vigorously criticised in the *Woman's Journal*, as containing views fatal to all domestic happiness, or even to the existence of the family relation; and, of course, there was a natural regret that the teaching of "a woman beloved and honored as Mrs. **STANTON** is" should tend directly to inculcate doctrines which the *Journal* believes to be so pernicious. There was doubtless, also, very serious regret that they would undoubtedly be considered the views of the woman suffrage party, and a great injury be consequently done to the cause by confounding it with other questions. The *Revolution*, which is understood to be peculiarly friendly to Mrs. **STANTON**, replied to the criticism by asserting that the editors of the *Woman's Journal* were quite as heterodox upon the subject of marriage as Mrs. **STANTON**, and printed a private letter from that lady contemptuously criticising Colonel **HIGGINSON**, whom she declares to be the real leader of the Boston movement, Mr. **BEECHER** having, as she says, no knowledge or interest in the matter.

This little incident will explain to our readers why there are two associations to further the extension of suffrage to women. It is plain that those who think Mrs. **STANTON**'s views of marriage, which she urges as of the first importance at the meetings of the society, are false and perilous, will naturally prefer to work by themselves and in their own way; while it is equally natural to suppose that Mrs. **STANTON** and her friends prefer not to labor in common with persons whom they publicly hold up to contempt. This is the real reason why the attempt at union is not only futile, but foolish. The members of both societies are undoubtedly sincerely devoted to the cause. But the "New York" methods allow a latitude of debate and a miscellaneousness of subject which in the judgment of the Cleveland or Boston society are not only perplexing, but most injurious to the cause itself. The latter association, of which Mr. **BEECHER** is president, holds, as we understand, that the special question of reform in the marriage laws is independent of the woman suffrage question.

At the annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association at Cleveland it is understood that a further proposition of union will be made by the New York society. But it is obvious that even if all other differences could be waived, that which springs from so totally antagonistic a conception of the scope of the cause does and must divide the action of its friends. The divergence is, of course, imbittered by the publication of Mrs. **STANTON**'s free strictures upon her fellow-workers, but it need not necessarily have been acrid or hostile. There is a real difference of feeling, and it is therefore proper that there should be separate action. We have no doubt that this will be the result of any offer that may be made. Nothing certainly will be gained by sentimentally declining to recognize the facts of the situation.

HOMEOPATHIC ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

IN the State of New York there is proper hospital accommodation for only about half the whole number of insane patients. All the retreats are crowded. The asylum on Blackwell's Island has about thirteen hundred inmates, which is, perhaps, almost twice as large a number as can be properly lodged and cared for. It is therefore a subject of general interest that another insane asylum is proposed at Middletown, in Orange County, in which the patients are to be treated by the homeopathic practice. The State gives $150,000 when an equal amount has been privately subscribed, and to complete this private subscription $75,000 are yet needed. A project so humane and important appeals to the sympathy of all intelligent citizens; and Dr. **GEORGE F. FOOTE**, at No. 6 West Thirty-second Street, New York, will furnish any information.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE first important success achieved by the French arms since the commencement of the war was the re-occupation of Orleans on the 9th of November, after a severe battle, in which the Prussians under General Von Der Tann were defeated with great loss, and compelled to evacuate the city. The heaviest part of the fighting occurred at the small hamlet of Coulmiers, near Orleans. The losses of the Prussians are stated by the Tours journals to be 10,000 in killed and wounded, and 1800 prisoners. The French report that the Germans threw away their arms in their retreat, many of which were collected and distributed to the National Guards at Orleans. In the official report the French commander estimates his loss at 2000, and that of the enemy, he says, was much larger. He claims to have captured 1000 prisoners (and to be continually adding to the number in the pursuit of the enemy), two guns of the Prussian pattern, and many ammunition and provision wagons. A telegram from King William to Queen Augusta admits the defeat of Von Der Tann, but states that he has been largely reinforced.

The French garrison at Neuf Briesach—5000 men and 100 guns—capitulated November 11 to the besieging army, consisting of Baden troops. The first result of the surrender of this fortress was the dismantling of the German fortifications at Alt Briesach, across the Rhine, which, it is presumed, will no longer be necessary.

M. Jules Favre has addressed a circular to the French representatives abroad on the subject of the recent effort to obtain an armistice, in which he assures them that Prussia must assume the responsibility of rejecting the proposition for an armistice, and argues that Prussia, in rejecting it, proves that she makes war for personal aims, and not for the interests of Germany. M. Favre represents that an armistice without the privilege of revictualing Paris would be continued warfare, in which Prussia would condemn the population of Paris—men, women, and children—to starvation.

The Russian government has informed Austria that the treaty of 1856, so far as it relates to the Black Sea, will no longer be observed. This action has created great excitement in Europe, and may lead to very serious complications.

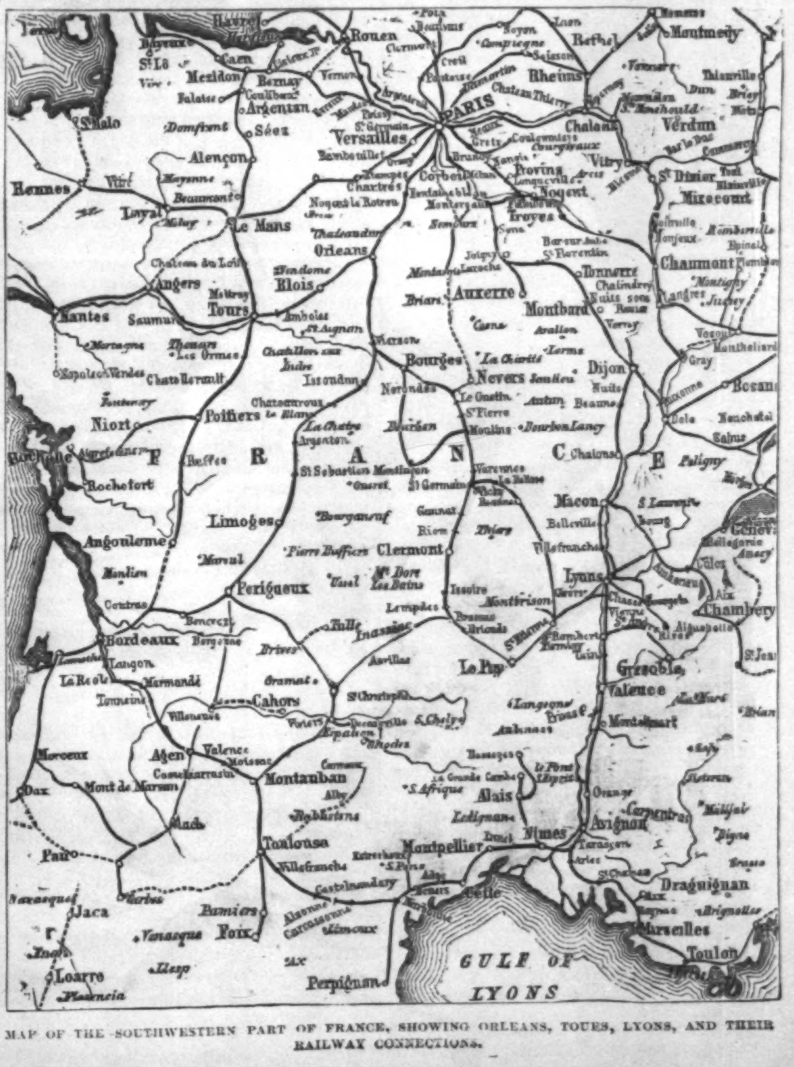
The Prussian Governor of Lorraine has ordered a census of persons liable to military duty, and evasions are to be punished severely.

The special committee of the Italian Senate on the question of changing the capital to Rome recommend that it, the change, be not made until after the death of the present Pope. M. Thiers, in a letter to the Pope, assures him that the great powers will consider his case at the coming Congress, and a position "worthy of God's vicegerent will be provided for him."

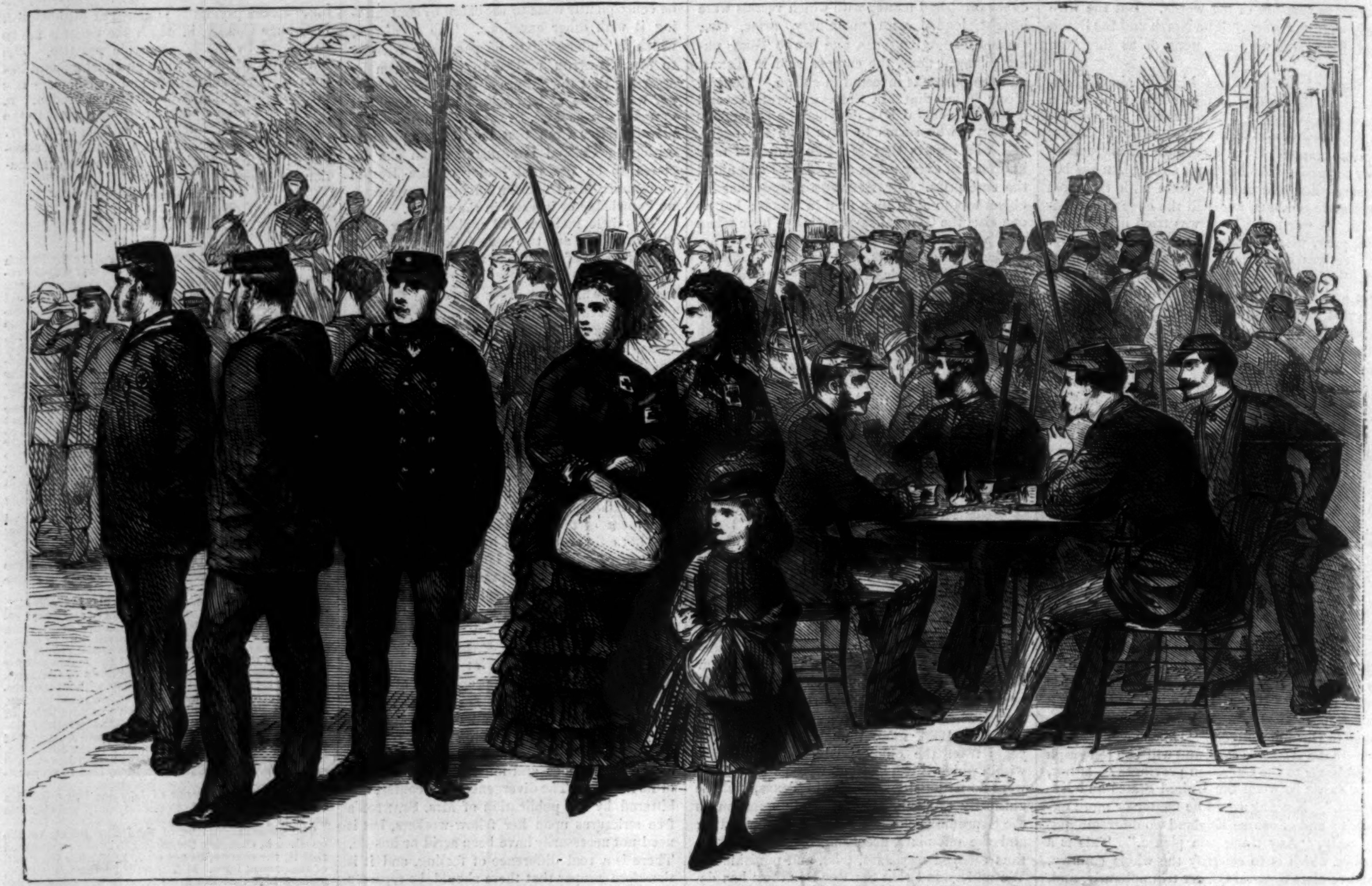
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State election, which took place November 8, resulted in the defeat of the Republican State ticket, headed by General Stewart L. Woodford for Governor, over whom Governor Hoffman was re-elected by a majority of about thirty thousand. The delegation in Congress will stand sixteen Democrats to fifteen Republicans. The State Legislature will be tied, according to the latest returns—sixty-four Republicans to the same number of Democrats.

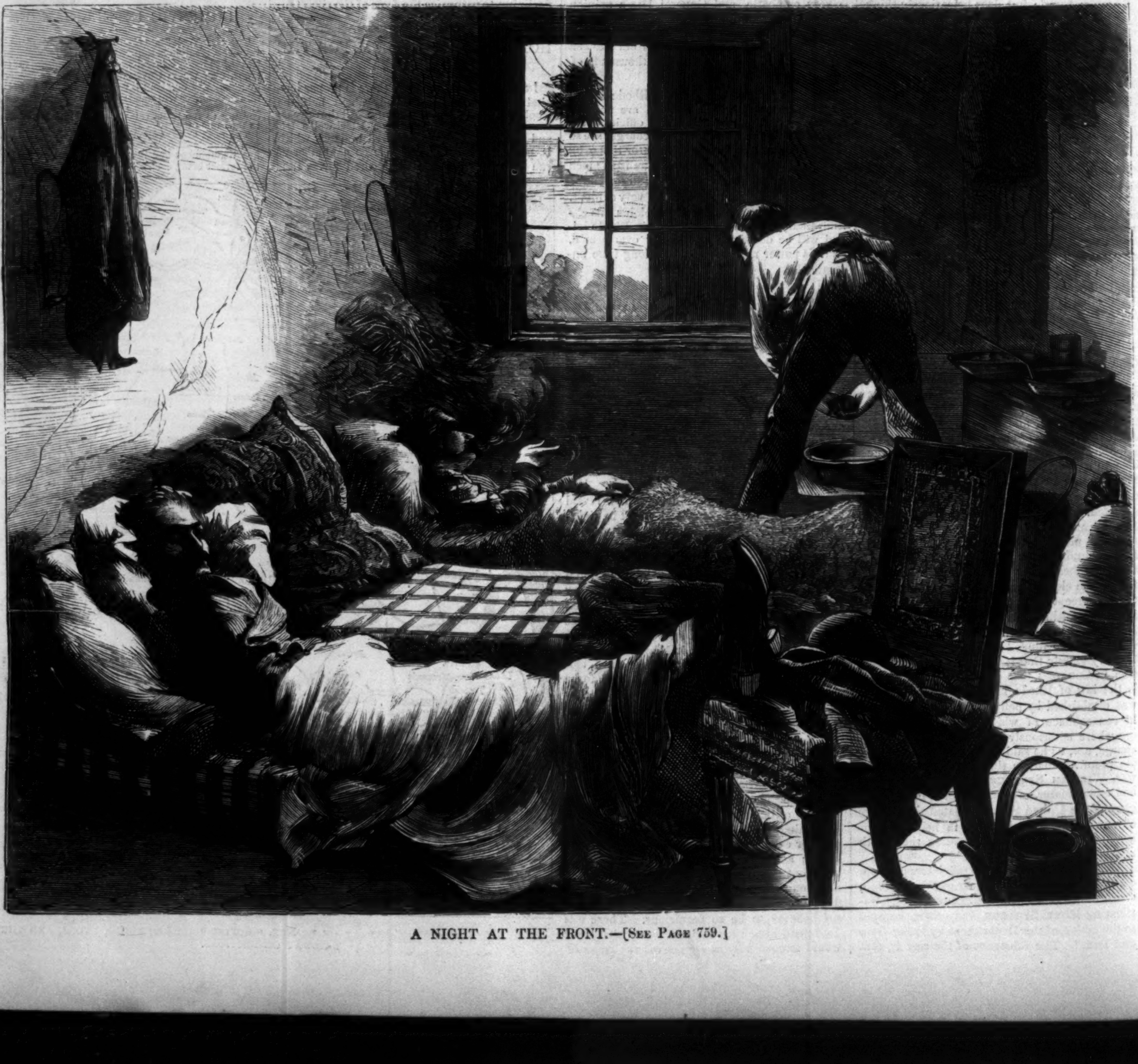
The next Congressional House of Representatives will probably be composed of one hundred and forty-five Republicans and ninety-seven Democrats, five of the former being colored.



MAP OF THE SOUTHWESTERN PART OF FRANCE, SHOWING ORLEANS, TOURS, LYONS, AND THEIR RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.



THE NEW PARISIAN POLICE.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

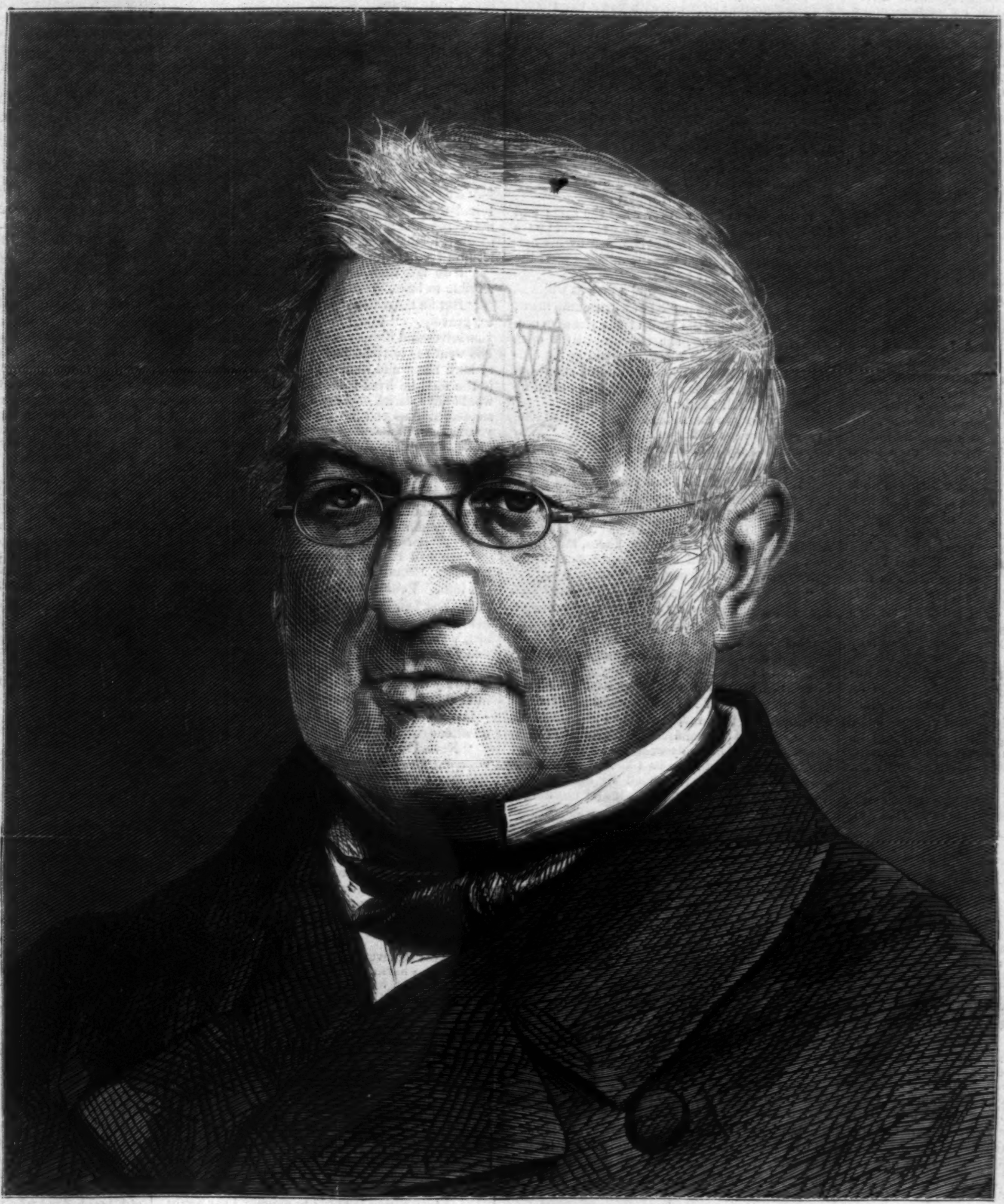


A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

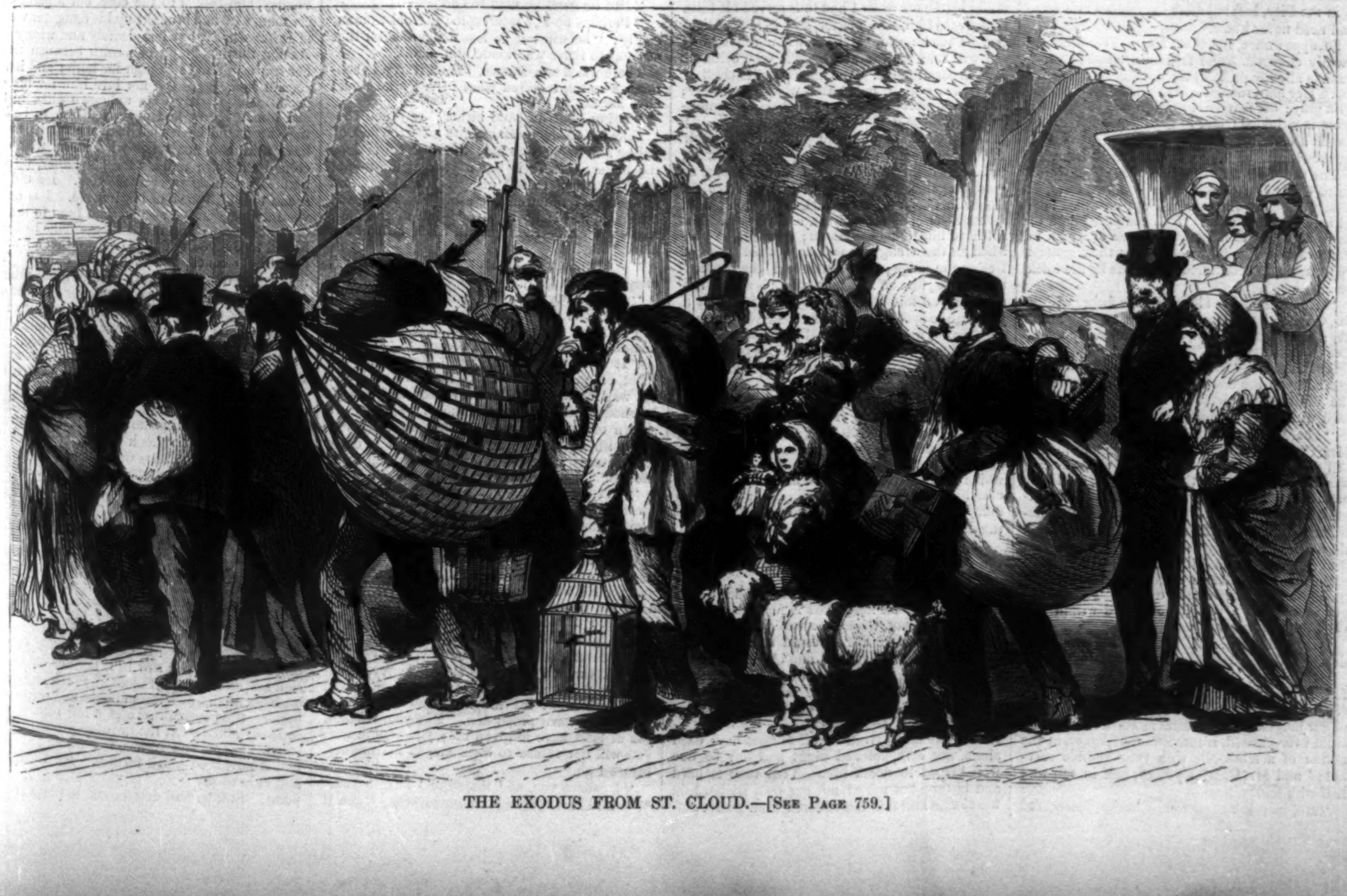
M. THIERS.

On another page this week we give an account of the unsuccessful negotiations recently attempted by this veteran statesman to secure an armistice for France; on this page the reader will find his portrait, as he now appears, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He has exerted himself boldly and diligently in his patriotic mission, and has failed only because the headlong current of events was already too strong to be controlled. We can not, within the limits of a newspaper article, give even an outline sketch of his long and varied career in the departments of literature and politics, and can only glance at his history since the revolution of February, 1848, which brought him more prominently than he ever had been before to the notice of Americans.

On the breaking out of that revolution he was invited, with **Odillon Barrot**, to make one attempt at saving the monarchy; but it was too late. He was never a republican, though he accepted the republic, and endeavored to give it a conservative turn, vehemently resisting the fallacious notions and preposterous schemes of the Communists, and the intrigues and agitations of the Red party. Sitting in the National Assembly for the department of the Seine Inférieure, he supported the advent of Prince **Louis Napoleon** as President of the Republic, and the French intervention at Rome, fighting a duel with the Italian General **Bixio** upon that occasion. He has always upheld the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In 1850, with the conservative majority of the Assembly, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent the re-election of the President. **Louis Napoleon** was by this time obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a design to usurp absolute power; while he suspected them, on the other hand, of an intention to restore the Orleans monarchy. M. **Thiers** had become his chief antagonist; and when the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, struck down the legislative body of the republic, M. **Thiers** was arrested, taken out of his bed at five o'clock in the morning, and confined some days in the prison of Mazas. He was released, but expelled from France, and passed some months in Belgium, England, Italy, and Switzerland. Returning to Paris in August, 1852, he finished his Napoleonic history. It was not till 1863, after the adoption of a more liberal constitution for the empire, that he entered the Corps Législatif, in which he has delivered many effective opposition speeches. He has denounced the financial extravagance of the imperial government, its wars in Italy and Mexico, and not less its abstinence from a warlike behavior toward Prussia four years ago. He has incessantly protested against the movement of the Italians and Germans toward the completion of their national unity, and he has taunted the Emperor for not daring to stop them. It can not, therefore, be denied that M. **Thiers** is, as much as any Frenchman, responsible for the irritation which has caused the present war, though he disapproved its undertaking last July, because he thought the opportunity was not well chosen. Notwithstanding the grave political errors which have been pointed out, his conduct, during forty-five years of public life, has not deserved the reproach of tergiversation; he has not belied or forsaken the principles which he formerly pro-



M. THIERS.



THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.—[See Page 759.]

fessed. Constitutional monarchy, with a responsible ministry dependent on parliamentary and popular support, and with a permanent aristocracy to strengthen the throne, has been the object of his constant faith.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BASIL.

IT is nineteen years since Richard Yorke stood in the dock at Cross Key and heard the words of doom. Almost a whole generation of his fellow-creatures has passed away from the earth. Old men have died, young men have become old, and babes have grown to be young men. There are but some half dozen persons in the world who, if reminded of him by some circumstance, can recollect him dimly. There are two who still keep him in their thoughts continually, just as he was—like a picture which bears no longer any resemblance to its original—and even these never breathe his name.

Here is a young fellow walking with his mother along Oxford Street who is not unlike him, who might be himself but for those nineteen years; and the girl that walks upon the other side of him might also be Harry Trevethick. Youth and beauty are not dead because Richard Yorke is dead, or as good as dead. The name of this girl is Agnes Aird, a painter's daughter, who is also a teacher of his art. The lad is her father's pupil, and has learned beneath his roof a lesson not included in the artistic course; you may know that by the way in which his eyes devour the girl, the intonation of his voice when he addresses her, the silent pressure of the arm on which her fingers rest. Charles Coe is in love with Agnes, and in all his studies of perspective beholds her, a radiant figure beckoning him on to a happy future. His pencil strays from its object to portray her features—to inscribe her name beside his own. Mr. Coe, his father, exceedingly disapproves of this projected alliance, and has forbidden the young people to associate. This ukase, however, can scarcely be obeyed while the whole party are inmates of Mr. Aird's residence, who "lets off" the upper part of his house as furnished apartments, which the Coes have now inhabited as lodgers for some weeks. Solomon (now a very well-to-do personage, and a great authority on metalliferous soils) has come to town on business, and left to his wife the choice of a residence; and she, to please her son, had chosen the artist's dwelling, upon whose door-plate was inscribed the fact that he was a professor of drawing. Solomon was not displeased that his son's tastes lay in that direction; it might be useful to himself hereafter in the matter of plans and sections; but he is violently opposed to this ridiculous love affair, which is to be stamped out at once. To that end he has instructed Mrs. Coe to look for lodgings in a distant quarter, and it is on that errand that we now behold her. It is characteristic of the Harry whom we once knew that she permits these young people to accompany her—and one another—on the very quest that has their final separation for its object. She can not resist making them happy while she can; and she can refuse her Charley nothing. Moreover, Solomon is in the City, looking after his mining interests, and need never know.

In appearance, however, Harry Trevethick is greatly changed. She is but seven-and-thirty, yet has already passed into the shade of middle life. Her hair, though still in profusion, is tinged with gray; her features are worn and sharp; her brow is wrinkled; and in her once trustful eyes dwells a certain eager care, not mere distress or trouble, but an anxiety which is almost Fear.

The three are now in one of the streets which unite Cavendish Square with Oxford Street, as a busy babbling rill connects the unruffled lake with the roaring river. It is composed both of shops and private houses, the latter of which in some cases deign, notwithstanding their genteel appearance, to accommodate visitors by the week or month.

"This is the sort of locality your father wished for, Charley," remarked Mrs. Coe, looking about her; "it seems central, and yet tolerably quiet. Let us try this house."

The name of "Basil," without prefix, was engraved upon the door-plate; and in a corner of the dining-room window lurked an enameled card with "Apartments" on it.

"There is no need to drag Agnes and you in," Mrs. Coe went on, as they stood waiting for the bell to be answered. So Charles, well pleased, was left outside with the young girl, while his mother "went over the house." In a few minutes, however, she reappeared, and in a somewhat hurried and excited tone observed, "I think this place will do, my dears; but there is a good deal to talk about and settle, which will take me some time. Therefore I think you had better go home together, and leave me." Then, without waiting for a reply, she retired within and closed the door.

"How very curious!" exclaimed Agnes, wondering.

"Oh, not at all," said the young man, cheerfully; "my mother likes to do things for herself, and I dare say has not a very high opinion of our judgment in domestic matters. You don't seem over-pleased, it seems to me, Agnes, at the notion of a *tête-à-tête* with your humble servant;" and Mr. Charles pouted, half in fun and half with annoyance.

"No, no; it is not that, Charles," answered the girl, hastily. "You know I have no pleasure equal to that of being with you; but I don't like your mother's looks; she had such a strange air, and spoke so differently from her usual way. I really scarcely like to leave her."

"My dear Agnes, you don't know my mother," returned Charles, laughing. "One would sometimes think she had all the care of the world upon her shoulders when every thing is going as smooth as oil. You don't appreciate the grave responsibility of taking furnished lodgings for a week certain. Come along, you little goose." And, drawing her still hesitating arm within his own, he marched away with her.

Yet Agnes had reason for what she said; and Charles, somewhat selfish as he was, would have foregone his flirtation and remained by his mother's side had he seen her the moment after the house door had shut her in.

With a throbbing heart, and a face as white as the handkerchief she passed over her damp brow, she leaned against the wall of the passage, ere, with trembling steps, she approached the open parlor door. An aged woman stood in the centre of the room, with hair as white as snow, but with a figure straight as a poplar, and drawn up rigidly to its full height.

"Why do you come back again?" cried she, in accents soft as milk, yet bitter as gall. "Why do you cross my threshold, you false witch, when there is nothing more to blight and blast? Did you think I should not know you, that you dared to come? I should know you among all the fair-faced fiends in hell."

"Mercy, mercy, Mrs. Yorke!" cried Harry, feebly; and she fell upon her knees, and made as though she would have clasped the other's garments with her stretched-out arms.

"Don't touch me, lest I strike you," answered the old woman, fiercely, "as, nineteen years ago, I would have struck you on your cruel lips, and spoiled the beauty that was the ruin of my boy! May *you* have sons to perish through false wantons, and to pine in prison! May *you* be desolate, and without heart or hope, as I am! Go, devil, go, and rid me of your hateful presence!"

"Hear me, hear me, Mrs. Yorke!" pleaded the other, with clasped hands. "Strike me, spit upon me, if you will, but only hear me! Abject as I look, wretched as I feel—as I knew I must needs look and feel—I have longed for this hour to come, as my boy longs for his bridal morning!"

"May he wake the next to find his bride a corpse; or, better still, to find her false, like you."

"I am not false; I never was; Heaven knows it!" cried Harry, passionately. "I do not blame you for your bitter words. I have earned your curses, though I meant to earn your blessing."

"My blessing!" Contempt and hatred struggled for the mastery in her tone. "Richard, Richard! in your chains and toil, do you hear this? This woman meant to earn my blessing!"

"Upon my soul—whose salvation I would have imperiled to save him—I did my best, although it seemed my worst," cried Harry. "That I was weak and credulous and fearful is most true; but indeed, indeed, I was faithful to your son. My father—he is dead, madam, and past your judgment" (for the fury in the other's eyes had blazed up afresh at the mention of him)—"deceived me with false hopes; for fear alone—though I was timid too—would never have caused me to break the promise I had passed to you. He said, if I disgraced myself and him by the perjury I contemplated, that he would thrust me from his door forever; that in the lips of all the world my name would become another word for shame and infamy; that even the man I loved would loathe me when I had thus served his turn. I answered him, 'No matter, so I save my Richard.' Then he said, 'But you will not save him; you will ruin him, rather, by this very evidence you purpose to give. We have proof enough of this Yorke's guilt, no matter what you swear; and we have proof besides of his having committed other offenses, if we choose to adduce it. All you will effect is to make yourself shameful.' Then I hesitated, not knowing what to think. 'The case is this,' argued my father: 'I have no grudge against this young scoundrel, since the money has been all recovered, and I don't want revenge—else, as I say, I can easily get it. But I'll have him taught a lesson; he must be punished for the wrong he has done, but not severely. Before the judge passes sentence, I, the prosecutor, will beg him off: such an appeal is always listened to, you know, and I will make it. But if you dare to speak for him, as I hear you mean to do—if you, my daughter, call yourself thief and trollop to save his skin, then shall he rot in jail! He shall, by Heaven! His fate hangs on my lips, not yours.'"

"Can this be true?" mused the old woman.

"It *is* true, so help me Heaven!" cried Harry. "I was a fool, a poor, weak, shuddering fool, but not a traitress. If you were in court, and saw me look at him—the smile I gave by which I meant to assure him all was well, however ill it seemed— You *did* see it; I see you did. You do believe me. Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven!"

She began to sob and cry, and caught hold of the old woman's hand and kissed it, while the other stood silent, still in doubt.

"Oh, madam, pity me. That you have suffered torments for long years is plain to see, and yet you have not, though he was your son, been tortured as I have. You could not have freed him by a word as I could; and oh, I did not utter it! I seemed to be his judge, his jailer, the cause of all his woes, to the man I loved—and loved beyond all others! I hated my own father for his sake. I"—she shuddered—"I was married to Richard's rival. You at least have been alone, not companioned night and day by one who helped to doom him. Your case is hard and bitter—but mine! not our own Richard, in his chains and toil, has suffered what *I* have suffered! Look at me, madam, and tell me if I speak truth or lie."

"Yes, yes," mused Mrs. Yorke, in tender tones, and passing her fingers over the other's silvering hair and haggard face; "I do—I must believe it. I should not have known you to-day had you not called me by my name. You must have mourned for him indeed. Is this the cheek he loved to kiss? Is this the hair a lock of which I took to comfort him in prison? Poor soul—poor soul!"

"How is he, madam?" whispered Harry, hoarsely. "Is he well? Is he free?"

"Not yet, Harry. In a year hence he will be. I had a letter only yesterday. But you must never see him; and if you really love him—I speak it for his sake, not theirs—you must never let him set eyes on your husband or your boy."

"I do not wish to see him; it would be too terrible to bear," groaned Harry.

"But he must not see *them*," insisted the other, gravely. "You must put the sea between yourselves and him, or there will be murder done. His wrath is terrible, and will be the destruction of both them and him. The hope of vengeance is the food he lives upon, and without which he would have perished years ago. Even if you persuaded him, as you have convinced *me*, that you yourself are innocent of his ruin, that would only make him firmer in his purpose against your husband. He will have his life-blood, and then his own will pay for it. If I had not seen you, I meant to see this man, and give him warning six months before Richard left the prison."

"Solomon would never heed it," exclaimed Harry, "nor even believe it if I told him."

"He will believe *me*," said the other, composedly. "You must bring him here that I may tell him. Your Solomon must be a fool indeed not to hearken when a mother warns him against her own son. Mind, I do not blame my Richard, woman!" continued Mrs. Yorke, with sudden passion; "he has had provocation enough; it is but right to kill such vermin, and I could stand by and smile to see him do it. But they must be kept apart, I say—this man and Richard—lest a worse thing befall him than has happened already."

"Never to see him more!" moaned Harry, covering her face with her hands; "never to tell him I was not the wretch I seemed! only to fear him as an enemy to me and mine—"

"Ay, and to himself," interrupted the other, gravely. "If you would not inflict far more on him than you have done already; if you would not—as you will, if you neglect my warning—designedly bring him to a shameful death, as you have involuntarily doomed him to a shameful life, keep these two men apart. If you love this son of yours, remove him from the reach of mine."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, shuddering, "would he harm my boy—my innocent boy?"

"Ay, as he would set his heel upon his father—the viper and his brood. It is no idle menace he has breathed so cautiously that the whisper might well escape even another ear than mine, in every letter for these many years. He thirsts for liberty, not for his own sake, but for the slow-ripening vengeance it shall bear. He will have it, unless we save him from himself by saving them from him, as sure as yonder inky cloud will fall in storm. The thought of it was full grown in his mind when he wrote from Cross Key: '*They are dead to me, those three, at present*,' and forbade me ever to mention them by name; and since then he has thought of nothing else. The day of retribution is about to dawn. I say again, beware of him."

"But he must be mad to cherish—"

"Perhaps he is," interrupted the old woman, coldly; "he will not be less dangerous on that account to those who made him mad."

There was a long silence. Then Harry, in submissive tones, inquired what Mrs. Yorke would have her do.

"Bring your husband hither," returned she. "Take the rooms up stairs, and leave the task of telling him his peril to me: the sooner it is done the better. There is but a year at most—not much too long to sell his goods, and get him away across the world, erasing every footstep behind him. If he leave one—no matter how slight the clew—Richard will track him like a blood-hound."

"We will come here at once—to-morrow," cried Harry, eagerly.

"Good. My name is Basil now, remember; not that it is likely," she added, bitterly, "that you will call me Yorke from habit; it is not a household word with you, I reckon."

"It is never breathed," said Harry, simply; "but, oh, madam, I *think* of him, indeed I do! He was my first love, and my last; and though he should kill me for the crime, of which I have shown myself guiltless, I should pray God bless him with my latest breath. Yet he must curse *me* forever! He must never know but that I was the willing agent of his ruin!"

"'Tis true, I dare not mention your name, Harry," said Mrs. Yorke, sadly; "and, if I told him, all the knowledge of the deception practiced on you would only make him the more bitter against your husband—the man who, by connivance in your father's cruel falsehood, obtained you for his wife, while his rival pined in prison. I do not blame you for your marriage—I know the force of stern necessity too well. But do not imagine that Richard could forgive you: he never, never could."

"I know it, I know it," sighed Harry, shuddering; "and yet he would pity me if he did but know what my life has been—almost as much as I have pitied *him*. But you, madam, *you* at least have forgiven me; you believe me; you will not refuse to bless me, as his mother, before I go."

"I believe you, and therefore I forgive you," answered Mrs. Yorke, with tenderness; "and if I believed in blessings, and had the power of bestowing them, you should have your wish. From henceforth we two are friends—though I never thought to kiss your cheek again, Harry—and must work together for the good of him we love in common. You will be here to-morrow for certain, then?"

"Without fail we shall."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE OMEN.

MRS. COE was as good as her word, and her husband and son were Mrs. Basil's lodgers within four-and-twenty hours. Solomon Coe was not very particular as to furnished apartments, and left such arrangements wholly to his wife. On the other hand, he confided to her but little respecting his affairs, nor was she, on her part, curious to inquire into them. Man and wife had few things in common, and affection was not one of them. Solomon had married Harry with the full consciousness that another was preferred before him; the disclosures at the trial, and the subsequent gossip of his neighbors, had placed that fact beyond a doubt. But he was not to be balked of the bride that had been promised him so long; nor, above all, should his rival enjoy even the barren victory of Harry's remaining unwedded for his sake. There are marriages born of pique and spite on man's part as well as woman's; and Solomon's was one of them, although he reaped, of course, material advantages besides. Trevethick had survived more than ten years, during which he had largely increased his savings; and at his death all these had reverted to his daughter and her husband. The wealth that had thus poured in upon Solomon through Harry's means did not purchase for her any new regard; he had never ill-treated her, in a material sense, but he had spoken ash-sticks, though he had used none. On the slightest quarrel, that "jail-bird friend of yours" had been thrown in her face, and the cowardly missile was still cast at her upon occasion. The birth of their child had not cemented their union. As he grew up his character showed itself as foreign to that of his father as was his personal appearance. He was slight in figure, delicate in appearance (though not in constitution), and fastidious in taste. His choice of an artist's calling was not so objectionable to Solomon as might be imagined; he had not sensitiveness enough to abhor it from association, and, as has been said, he thought it might be made to co-operate with his own commercial schemes. But the artist nature was in antagonism to his own, and Charles and his father were not on affectionate terms with one another.

The wayward, handsome lad was, on the other hand, adored by his mother. Her intelligence, not naturally acute, was quickened to see his faults, not indeed as such, but as possible causes of misfortune to him. His too lively impulses, his indecision, his love of pleasure, were all sources of apprehension to her, though scarcely ever of rebuke. She saw in Agnes Aird, his tutor's daughter—so simple, yet so sensible and sterling, so faithful, pure, and true—the very girl to make her son a fitting wife; an antidote for what was amiss in him; her honest heart a sheet-anchor to hold him fast, not in the turbid ocean of excess, for her Charley was too good to tempt it, but through that sparkling sea of gayety in which he was too apt to plunge. She was beautiful enough even for him to mate with; she was better born and better trained than he, for old Jacob Aird was none of those irregular geniuses of the pencil, addicted to gin-punch and Shelley, and selfish to the core, but a plain honest man, who had brought up his daughter well—in tastes a lady, but housewifely and wisely too. As for the inequality of wealth between them, her son would have enough for both; and it was certain that Agnes did not love him for his expectations, for they were unknown alike to her and him. Harry had never led him to believe that he would be a rich man; her love, as we have said, had made her wise in all that concerned Charley; and as for his father, he was naturally reticent in such matters. He did not spend one fifth part of his income. His habits were as inexpensive as they had been in the old days at Gethin; and if the village folks had ever hinted to the young fellow of his father's wealth, he had no conception of its real extent. The idea itself, too, would have had no great interest for him; he liked to have money for the pleasure of spending it, but it was never the object of his thoughts; he was too careless, too much the creature of the hour, to forecast his future. His mother gave him all she could, but he was aware that it was obtained with difficulty; the cost of his very education, which he had received at a school near Turlock, had, he knew, been grudged; his father had often grumbled that it was money thrown away, for, "Look at me," said he; "I taught myself." There was always, in short, a tightness in the Coe money market that augured any thing but pecuniary prosperity.

The very fact of their having taken lodgings at Mr. Aird's house, situated as it was in Soho, a respectable but far from fashionable locality, argued but moderate means, and placed the artist out of all suspicion of setting his pretty daughter as a matrimonial snare for Charley. She was pretty enough and good enough, the old man justly thought, for him or for his betters; and though he regarded the good-will which the young people evidently entertained for one another with favor, he saw in it neither condescension nor advantage. Solomon, much engaged in business affairs away from home, and estimating, besides, the power of love at a low rate, was not seriously alarmed at the growing attachment between his son and Agnes, nor would have been had it advanced much farther. He thought he had only to say "No," to put a stop to it at any point. Still he had determined to place the boy out of the reach of such temptation as a pretty girl living beneath the same roof must always offer to susceptible youth; and hence it was that Mrs. Coe had engaged new lodgings. But even, now, so lightly did his father think of the matter, that Charley was still to be permitted to visit at Mr. Aird's daily, and take his drawing-lessons as heretofore.

An excuse for the change of residence had been afforded in the fact that Soho was too far from the parks, in which alone Mrs. Coe took pleasure in walking. She was quite unaccustomed to town life, and the roar and tumult of the streets annoyed and even alarmed her. In some respects, indeed, she was even a more nervous, timid creature than she had been as a girl; the warning just received from Mrs. Yorke had not fallen upon her altogether unexpectedly, though she could not have been said to be prepared for it. A vague apprehension of Richard's vengeance had haunted her whole married life; she did not fear for her own safety; something told her that his anger would scorn to harm herself; that it would pass over her head like a flaming sword, and smite her husband and her boy; and as face after face passed by her in the crowded street, she would shrink and tremble, thinking that that of Richard Yorke would come one day, and recognize her own, and track it home. Was he not fated to work their common ruin? Did not the spectre ship cross Turlock Sands before she met his face for the first time? Though so mature in years, Harry was indeed as superstitious as ever. A curious instance of this occurred on the day that the Coes moved into their new lodgings. The mother and son had arrived first—Solomon being engaged in the City until evening—and Charley had strolled into the ground-floor parlor, while the landlady (whom he had not yet seen) was engaged with his mother up stairs in the distribution of the luggage. Above the chimney-piece hung that striking if not attractive portrait of Joanna Southcott and her amanuensis, with which we are already acquainted;. and it tickled the young man's fancy amazingly. He concluded it was a family group —the likeness, perhaps, of Mrs. Basil and her late husband engaged in making out their weekly accounts. "I will beg Agnes not to be jealous of our charming landlady," thought he, and took out his note-book with the intention of transferring the likeness for that young lady's amusement. While engaged in this occupation the door opened, and in stepped Mrs. Basil and her new tenant. In his alarm and haste he stepped back suddenly, and overthrew a little table, on which were some ornaments, he knew not what, which rolled to his mother's feet. She uttered a cry of horror; and the landlady herself stood still, regarding him with a face of astonishment, and even terror.

"Is that—your—son?" exclaimed she, clutching his mother by the arm.

But Mrs. Coe did not seem to hear her.

"Look, look!" cried she; "the skull, the skull! Oh, is it not a frightful omen!"

"I am really very sorry," said Charley, picking up the article in question; "it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Basil."

"Don't mention it, young Sir," said the landlady, who had apparently recovered from her sudden tremor; "the skull is no worse for its roll, you see; he was fortunately a hard-headed gentleman who originally owned it."

"Indeed," said Charley, taking it from her hand with some curiosity, "it seems a curious ornament for a sitting-room. May I ask whom it belonged to when it had flesh about it?"

"It is the skull of Swedenborg," answered Mrs. Basil. "A near relative of mine was a disciple of his, and left it to me as a most precious relic."

"But how the deuce did he get possession of it?" inquired the young man.

"Well, not very fairly, as it seems to me," smiled the landlady. "While your mother sits down and rests herself—for I am afraid you have frightened her a bit—I'll tell you the story."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Coe, faintly; "I shall be better presently; don't mind me."

"Well, the tale runs thus, Sir. Swedenborg was buried in the vault beneath the Swedish embassador's chapel in Princes Square, Ratcliffe Highway; and a certain theologian having once affirmed that all great philosophers took their bodies with them into the world of spirits, and that this gentleman had done the like, leave was obtained to settle this point by actual examination. The body was found, and the theologian confuted, but no trouble was taken to solder on again the lid of the coffin. A thieving Swede, attending a funeral of one of his countrymen in the same vault, remarked this circumstance, and stole the skull, with the intention of selling it to some disciple of the great philosopher's; and I am ashamed to say that he found a purchaser in my respected relative: and that's how I became possessed of Swedenborg's skull."

"Very curious, though rather larcenous," observed the young man, laughing. "And this good lady over the mantel-piece, who is she?"

"That's Joanna Southcott. But my good young gentleman, I will answer all your questions another time. Your mother and I will have enough to do to arrange matters before your father comes home. You will excuse my freedom, Sir."

"Certainly," said Charley, rather amused than otherwise with the landlady's bluntness. "I know I'm in the way just now; so I'll step out for half an hour or so. I am sorry I frightened you, dear mother."

He stooped and kissed her fondly; and then, with a smile and a nod at Mrs. Basil, stepped into the little passage and out of doors, and, whistling, passed the window down the street.

"Your son has a light heart," said Mrs. Basil, looking at Harry very earnestly. "How old is he?"

"Eighteen—or a little less."

"He looks his age *at least*," observed the other, emphatically.

"Yes; dark people always do."

"And your husband is dark, like him, I remember."

"Yes; his complexion is swarthy, though he is not slim, like Charles."

Mrs. Coe, still in the arm-chair into which she had first sunk, here closed her eyes; either the faintness of which she had complained was coming on again, or she did not wish to meet the other's searching gaze.

There was a long pause, during which Mrs. Basil went to the cellaret, and pouring out a glass of sherry, put it to her tenant's lips.

"Do you feel better now?" said she, when Harry had drunk it.

"Yes, yes; much better. But that skull—oh, horrible! it rolled from him to me. What an omen on your very threshold! Heaven guard my Charles from evil!"

"This is weakness, Mrs. Coe. The skull is harmless; and it rolled because your son upset it."

"Yes, my son," gasped the other, trembling. "It is for him I fear. It augurs death—death—death!"

There was a ring at the front-door, decisive, sharp, and resonant.

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry; "if it should be he himself! Hide me away; put me out of sight." Her terror was piteous to behold: she shook in every limb.

"It is the post," said Mrs. Basil, contemptuously; and she was right. The servant brought in a letter for her mistress.

"I don't know the hand," mused she. "Black-bordered, and black-sealed too." She opened it without excitement, and read it through: it was but a few lines.

"Your omen has proved true for once, Mrs. Coe," said she, in quiet tones. "This speaks of death."

"Whose death?" cried Harry.

"My husband's, Richard's father. Carew of Crompton died last night."

There was no sorrow in the aged woman's face: a gravity, unmixed with tenderness, possessed it. Carew was naught to her, and had been naught for twoscore years. But the tide of memory was at its flow within her brain; and because the Past *is* Past it touches us. This man had loved her once, after his own scornful manner, when he was young, and before power and selfishness had made him stone. He had been the father of her only son, and now he was Dead.

"I am so sorry," said Harry, not quite knowing what to say.

"There is no need for sorrow," replied the other, quietly. "Let us go up stairs and finish our work."

A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.

THE war correspondent has to put up with a thousand personal inconveniences and privations, even when quietly settled down with a besieging army, to which, in ordinary times, he would not submit without a good deal of grumbling. He must fare like a soldier, be ready to move at a moment's notice, night and day, either to join in a march, or get out of the way of the shells from some battery that happens to have hit the range of his quarters; and happy, indeed, is he if he lights upon so comfortable a lodging as that shown in the engraving on page 756. It is, perhaps, just a little crowded; but the jolly-looking fellows seem to be taking it easy, and are probably all good friends.

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.

A WAR correspondent writes that, walking one day in the direction of St. Cloud, he met a motley train of poor people coming from that village, who had been turned out of house and home, not to make room for the Prussians, but for their own safety. St. Cloud was constantly under fire, and to stay there was to risk one's life. A brother and sister, old bachelor and old maid, with their bonne and gouvernante, led the dismal procession. Some of them were doubtless on their way to quarter themselves upon more fortunate friends, but others, probably, knew not where they should lay their heads that night, being only too glad to get out of the range of their countrymen's guns. The engraving on page 757 illustrates this affecting incident.

THE NEW PARIS POLICE.

AMONG other changes which the Paris revolution of last September effected was the disbandment of the police force. They were obnoxious to the mass of the people, as instruments of imperialist tyranny and intimidation, and especially, it is said, for their violence in suppressing the ROCHEFORT disturbances of February last. Any how, they were abolished, and their uniform, detested as a symbol of the corrupt dynasty which had fallen, was no longer seen in the streets.

For some time Paris seems to have got on remarkably well without any police at all; but M. DE KÉRATRY set vigorously to work, as the following passage from a Paris letter will show: "We are perfectly quiet; the order of the streets both by day and night is most remarkable. The new police force is being organized, and has already appeared in some quarters. Many of them are *ci-devant sergents de ville*, but the authorities have done all that is possible to remove their former military appearance by an entire change of costume, and the substitution of whiskers for the mustache and imperial." Another letter says: "I saw three of the new police this evening, and thought at first they were undertakers' assistants out of place. They are got up most funereally, in pilot coats, with enormous trowsers and cheese-cutter caps, all raven-hued, and just one little bit of color in an unhappy little tricolored cockade in their head-gear. After looking at them for some minutes a light broke upon me. The new guardian of the public peace is old *sergent de ville* writ large—clean shaven, his cocked hat and rapier removed." The illustration on page 756 shows the changes made by M. DE KÉRATRY in the costume and appearance of the force.

STRAW PICTURES.

AMONG the curiosities of art must be included pictures made of straw. How far patience is exercised in this direction at present we do not know; but in the last century the inmates of some of the French monasteries employed a portion of their time in such labors. The process was by no means a simple one. First, a selection was made of the whitest, thinnest, longest, largest-barrel straws. They were severed above and below all the knots; the knots, membranes, and smaller parts of the straw were removed; and the rest were retained for use, in the form of thin, smooth, unspotted cylinders of straw, sometimes six or eight inches long. The straws were damped, and split open by means of a slender wooden spindle, which was inserted at one end, and dextrously run along to the other, making a straight rent throughout; the brisk application of a burnisher flattened out each piece. Sometimes, to expedite their labor, the workers used a kind of small flatting-mill, which first split the straw and then opened it out flat. The split and opened straws were dyed of various colors, and were then pasted side by side on small sheets of thin paper, forming veritable sheets of straw, so accurately cut and adjusted that the lines of junction could scarcely be seen. All the straws on one sheet were exactly of the same color and tint. These, then, were the materials with which the artist worked; and the mode of working depended on the kind of effect desired to be produced. Sometimes the sheets were cut up into very narrow strips, and made into striped patterns by alternating the colors; sometimes the artists in straw would make diagonal patterns, and sometimes check patterns by crossing the strips, or diversified patterns by alternating broad with narrow strips. A favorite but very tedious process was that of making real straw mosaic. Several sheets, of different colors, were placed one on another, and cut completely through with a delicate apparatus, in accordance with some particular device; and then ensued the slow work of pasting the tiny bits side by side on paper, in the proper arrangements of color. Occasionally the pictures or devices so produced were embossed in relief by being stamped between a die of horn and a counterdie of thick pasteboard—all the raised and depressed parts of the device corresponding in a proper way with the different colors of the picture. And sometimes the artist went so far as to engrave or chase the straw, or even to work it up into a kind of cameo.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE girl, who was sitting, wearily, on a summer day while a very celebrated and equally pompous bishop was holding forth, whispered to her mother, "Oh, come away, mamma—come away! I's so tired!" "Not yet, my dear; he will soon be done," said her mamma. "Let us wait a little longer." The birds kept singing, and the preacher preaching, till the little girl, all worn out, and longing for relief and freedom in the open air, pleaded, "Do come now, mamma." "Hush, dear," was the response; "he'll soon be done—just in a minute." This was more than little patience could stand; and while the tears were running down her cheeks, she said, as she looked hopelessly at the expanding preacher, "Oh no, mamma. He is just puffed for another blow."

GALLEY SLAVES—Type-setters.

At Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears the sign: "Here's Where You Get a Meal Like Your Mother Used to Give You."

"THE RAW MATERIAL"—Underdone steak.

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response, "You dink I ride out mit anoder voman in so soon after death of mine frau? No, no!"

A PROMISING SIGN—A pawnbroker's.

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him, "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or impressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was being lectured on generosity, "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny—far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." "Illustrate it, papa. I think I will understand you better." Father could not see the application.

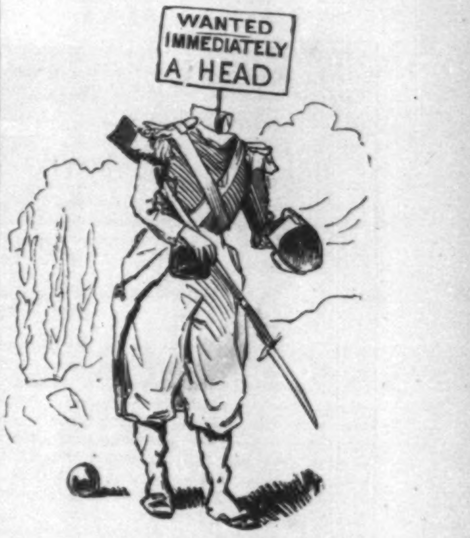
Mrs. Partington says that since the invention of the needle-gun there is no reason why the women shouldn't fight as well as men.

Mythology tells us that Io died of love for Jupiter; but modern chemistry that Io-dide of potash.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE NOW SAYING TO THE HOTELS—"Shut up."

An Indiana husband lately deeded valuable property to his wife, "in consideration of one dollar and *mutual love and affection*."

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished. "Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, Sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, Sir," said the lady, "can I do any thing more for you?" "Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.



In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master; till one luckless evening, when the imps were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them. "How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking tobacco?" "Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain." "And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had a "raging tooth," another colic, the third a cough; in short, they all had something. "Now, Sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "*Sir, I smoke for corns!*"

THE GREAT OCEAN RACE—Fishes.

When cousin Ichabod first saw the elephant at the show he exclaimed, with mute astonishment, "Then that's the rael menagerer—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't tew of 'em make a team to draw stun with! Ain't he a scroger?" Ichabod went hum, and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the genewine menagerer—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails, one behind and t'other before. Philosophers call the fore 'un a pronobscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more."

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes!"

A reverend divine, who was but a so-so preacher, being called upon accidentally for a sermon, asked a friend what he should preach about; to which the other coolly replied, "About five minutes."

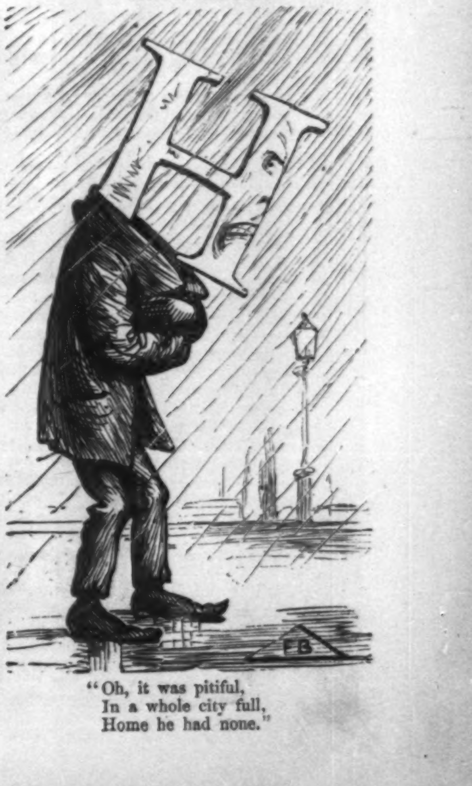
ADAM DEFINED.—A Scotchman, being examined by his minister, was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Oh, jist like ither folk." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

Josh Billings gives good advice to young wives. He says: "Don't undertake tew liv with yure mother-in-law; but if wuss comes to a wusseness let yure mother-in-law liv with yu!"

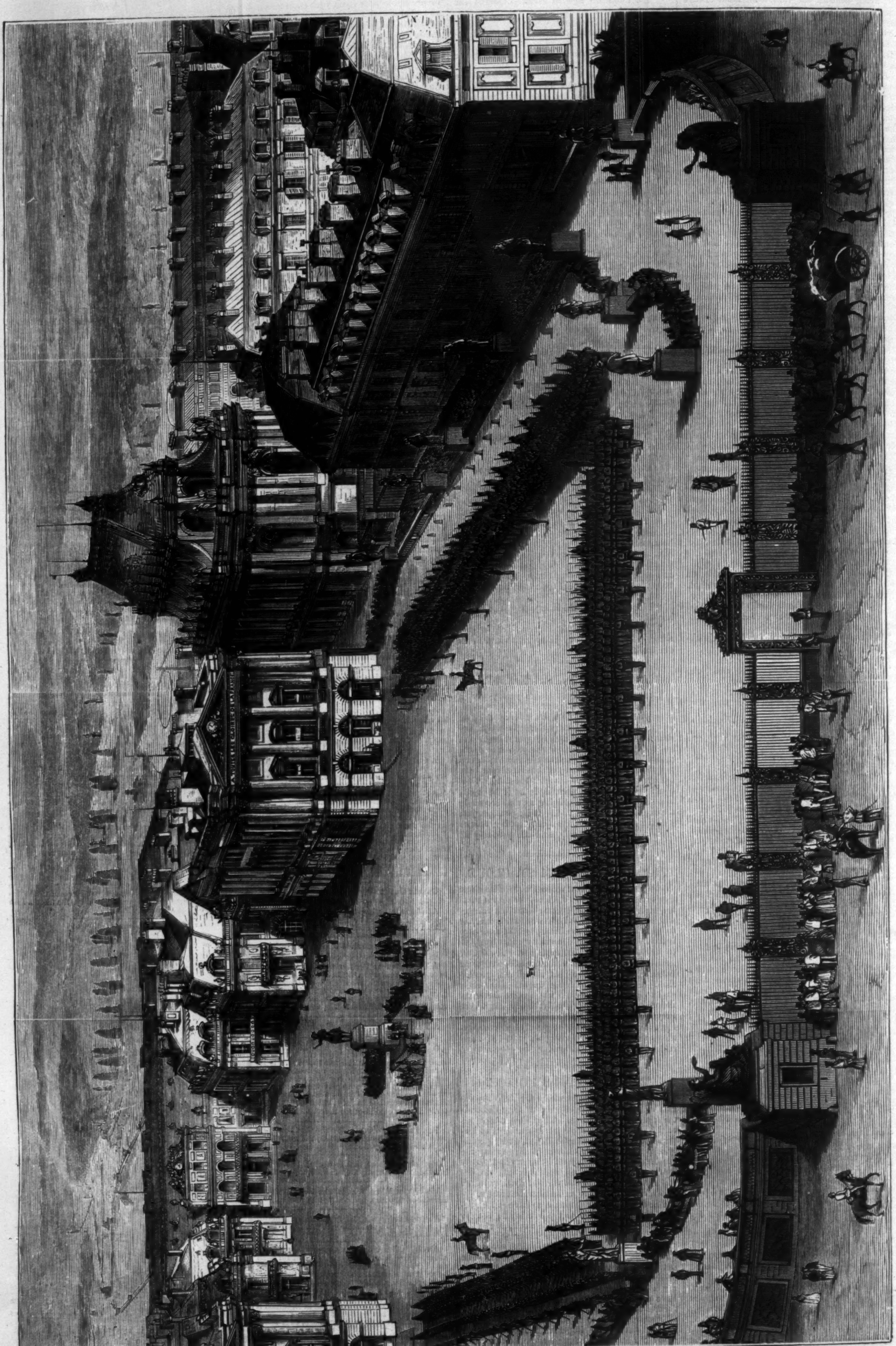
A dentist, trying in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land he said to a farmer: "Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive." "No, Sir," said the honest farmer; "our land is just like self-righteousness." "Ah! how is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is."

A LONDON SKETCH.



"Oh, it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Home he had none."



THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To accompany Vol. XIV., No. 726.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [Gratuitous.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. CLOUD.

The destruction of the magnificent palace of St. Cloud by the French is referred to by the German papers as affording a justification for the impending bombardment of Paris. It occurred in this manner. On the 13th of October, at 1 P.M., the garrison of Mont Valérien began throwing grenades at the palace. The building was immediately set on fire and burned to the ground, nothing being left but the bare walls. The Prussians were ordered to save the furniture, books, paintings, and historical relics for which the palace was so celebrated; but the bombardment being continued, notwithstanding the flames burst out on all sides, little was preserved.

Among the few things saved is the table on which the Emperor Napoleon III. signed the declaration of war against Prussia. The furniture, books, and works of art which could be hastily snatched out of the consuming element were carried to one of the magnificent alleys at the back of the palace, where they remained a day or two, prior to removal to more appropriate quarters. Had the destruction of an edifice so intimately associated with the history of France been the consequence of an attack on the part of the Prussians, they would have been charged with the guilt of causing irreparable loss. As it is, the artillerymen on Mont Valérien are alone responsible for what occurred.

The ruins were visited soon after the bombardment by the correspondent of the London *Times*. His account of their appearance is subjoined:

"After a long ride we entered the park of St. Cloud. The sentries in the avenue are carefully hiding behind the huge trees. Turn sharp into side walk just as the vision of an earth-work, surmounted by a portion of a fort and the houses of Paris, comes in sight at the end of the avenue; ride in single file; get a view of what was the Lantern of Diogenes—it is now a heap of white rubbish. The French must have had exciting practice at the lantern, as it was rather a small object, but the avenue made it a kind of white bull's-eye bounded by dark green. And there lies the architectural toy of Napoleon I. a pyramidical mass of shattered stones. Turn to the left, down a quiet glade. There are horses neighing under the trees; the tents—the first Prussian tents I have seen—of a strong infantry guard and a cavalry picket gleam through the dark trunks of the forest. It is all so quiet that we might be going to a picnic. Past the little camp in the wood, out on the grand avenue. Here are deep scores in the ground, holes, and furrows in the grass. There lies a conical-tipped piece of iron, deftly ornamented with brass knobs on the sides, and a neat tip to the sharp end. It is only a 100-pound shell which has not burst. See, there is another, and there! This must be a hot corner, right in the line of fire. The little squad of horsemen insensibly quicken their pace. A shell—100-pounder—bursting here would be so unpleasant. Another moment and there are fountains which do not play, garnished by statues, gardens, and terraces, walks lined with vases, pieces of water girt with trees—the Prince Imperial's play-ground. And then a basin with flights of steps surrounded by statuary groups. Beyond such a ruin! I could not believe it. All that remained of '42 suits of rooms for guests, 600 other rooms, stabling for 237 horses, and barracks for 2000 men,' as the guide-book says, was a tall, gaunt, white stone wall—white except in the places where the fire and smoke rushed outside and licked the masonry in black lines. I never saw such a complete destruction. Bare walls and chimneys alone stood; the fire still smouldered, and a dancing haze rose up from the heated mass inside; but so clean is the work that I could look right through the palace and see Paris beyond in the opposite window-place. Here was all that was left of the favorite retreat of the great Emperor—a palace inferior to none in France for historical interest; the scene of the 18th Brumaire, of the imperial act of the 18th of May, 1804, of the receipt of the *Senatus Consultum* of the 7th of November, 1852; where Henry III. was murdered, and Henrietta of Orleans died, where Peter the Great was received by the Regent, where Charles X. signed the Ordinances, where the capitulation of Paris was signed in 1815, where Napoleon III. received Queen Victoria in 1855, where the declaration of war against Prussia was signed in 1870; decorated by the hands and works of Mignard, Le Moyne, Coypel, Boucher, David; rich in masterpieces of painting, tapestry, sculpture, art—a smoking Karnak of to-day. All is gone except a few books, some furniture, clocks, a fine bust of Napoleon, and the like, which were saved, at the hazard of their lives, by the Prussians. Count Seckendorff was sent off to ascertain if the picture of the Queen's arrival at the palace was saved. It is gone, and so are all the pictures. The books are stored in a gardener's house. They bear fleurs-de-lis, kingly crowns, imperial eagles, and bees and N.'s indifferently. I took up one. It was Vol. II. of 'Recueil des Adhésions de l'Acte du 2 Décembre,' Chaix, Paris. Another near it was 'Pichot, Voyage autour du Monde.' Most interesting of all, a copy of the *Moniteur Universel*, with the dispatches of Napoleon before Waterloo, his account of the defeat of the Prussians at Fleurus, and the dispatch after Waterloo.

"The officer in command at St. Cloud told me he had strict orders to let no one approach the ruins of the castle, for if a moving speck were seen the French fired at once, and sent showers of stones flying out of the hot walls. What a story, to be sure! I know of nothing like it. Castles and theatres seem to be built that they may be burned. There is no such deed, I think, recorded as the destruction of a palace by the people to whom it belonged merely because they fancied the enemy might be raising a battery behind it. The shell which fell through the Emperor's bed, about 11 o'clock, began the mischief. Smoke issued from the room, and a flight of bombs coming in quick succession prevented any successful effort to extinguish the flames, which a high wind fanned into a furnace heat. Will it be said that the Prussians burned the palace? I dare say thousands in Paris will believe they did. Meudon is fast crumbling away. The French are naturally jealous of any commanding building being in the enemy's hands, be it a prince's castle or a peasant's mill. I am told that a complete underground electric telegraph was discovered in one of the cellars at Meudon. Underground passages too have been discovered leading from the interior of Paris into the open. The days and doings of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes, and of the persons of the 'Castle of Otranto,' and of the 'Old English Baron' are revived in strange uses and associations. For days the unconscious French were sending messages which were 'tapped' by the Prussians, to no great use, as they were generally in cipher. There have been successful fishings in the Seine for telegraph wires. Some codes of signals have also been discovered. But the great success of all is the investment of a capital containing 2,000,000 of people by an army which is numerically inferior to the force of the besieged army. That is a reversal of all military principles."

THE PRUSSIANS IN STRASBURG.

Major Von W——, a Prussian officer belonging to the army before Strasburg, was the first to enter that city after its surrender. On the morning of the 27th of September he was ordered to report at eight o'clock to General Von Mertens, in Strasburg. With an orderly and four men he made his way into the city without much difficulty, though the populace made threatening demonstrations, and soon reached the quarters of General Uhrich. The rest of the story is given in the Major's own words:

"Leaving two of my men to watch the door, I proceeded with the two others to the court-yard. There was no sentinel, but a few adjutants and a groom. To my question, 'Where is General Uhrich?' they politely answered, 'Le Général est dans sa chambre.' I begged to be announced, and stationed my two men at the entrance to his rooms. Presently one of the adjutants who had gone in returned, and, asking me to pocket the revolver which I still held in my hand, led me into the presence of General Uhrich. The next moment I found myself face to face with the famous commander who had so gallantly defended the place intrusted to his charge. He is sixty-seven years old, short, thick-set, with gray hair closely cropped, and mustache of the same hue. He has a round face, with a kind expression, and dark, large, hazel eyes. He regarded me with evident surprise, and perhaps some suspicion, not knowing what to make of my visit. I saluted him, and, mentioning my name and rank, acquainted him with my errand—to report myself to my superior officer in Strasburg at 8 A.M. The General replied that eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the surrender of the city, and that, as far as he knew, neither General Von Mertens nor any other Prussian excepting myself had entered Strasburg. 'Do you know, my brave commandant,' he continued, 'you are the first Prussian soldier who has entered Strasburg, and I am happy to make the acquaintance of one of the gallant Prussian officers. But how the devil did you get here? No one is permitted to enter till eleven o'clock!' I replied that I was proud to have the honor of addressing a general whose gallantry we (the Prussians) had had so much occasion to admire. The little gentleman pressed my hand, and there was a tear in his eye as, half averting his face, he motioned me to sit down on the sofa. He said, as General Von Mertens was certainly not inside the fortress, and as he had an hour left before preparing for the melancholy ceremony of the morning, we might as well sit down and smoke and chat together like soldiers. He praised our artillery, and the discipline and steadiness of our men, whom he was pleased to call the heroes of Europe. They had converted Strasburg into a heap of ruins, shattered casemates and bomb-proof erections, making it, in fact, impossible for men to live any longer under their fire. Then, taking a map of our parallels, on which every one of our guns was accurately marked, he continued: 'It was not the number, but the excellence of your cannon that beat me. You will find 800 pieces at Strasburg, 200 of which are quite new; but the best of them is not equal to your worst. At the very outset of the siege I knew you would be too many for me. I was up in the tower of the Cathedral to observe your movements, when your cannoneers, noticing me and my suit, opened fire on us. The first shot missed, the second glanced along the edge of the platform, the third struck it with full force. Then I said to myself that I should not hold Strasburg long against such artillery. It was but yesterday one of your large bombs penetrated a house of six stories from top to bottom, and, falling through into the cellar, killed sixteen persons. We had about fifty killed per day—about 2000, I should say, during the whole siege. And, *mon Dieu!* what a number of wounded! All the hospitals are full of them. But now, my brave fellow, to breakfast. There is a beef-steak left for the commander of Strasburg. The rest of the city have had to content themselves with horse-flesh for the last fortnight.' Before sitting down to breakfast I requested the General to send messengers to the citadel and the Porte de Saverne to inquire for General Von Mertens. I also begged him to have some bread and wine given to my four brave companions outside, all which suggestions he kindly complied with. At this moment General Ducasse and Colonel Count Pourtalès entered the room, and spoke to the commandant. One of my grenadiers outside availed himself of this opportunity to look in at the open window, and tell me that he and his comrades were on the alert, and would enter the room uninvited if they thought it necessary. We lunched with two other generals, one adjutant, and the Préfet, M. De Laborde, who is a very agreeable, gentlemanly man. As they all gave toasts, I thought I had better imitate their example, and proposed their happy *réunion* with their families, upon which General Uhrich said he had not heard from his wife for five weeks. At last the orderlies he had sent in accordance with my request returned, reporting, 'No Prussians in Strasburg.' It was half past ten o'clock by this time, and the General had to leave me. In a touching manner he bade adieu to the other officers, and, fastening on his sword, shook hands with me, saying, 'Pardon my leaving you so abruptly. I must go. I shall remember your name as that of an officer who respects a defeated adversary. I shall have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of your General-in-Chief.' With this my amiable entertainer quitted the room, leaving me to my own devices. What was I to do? It was clearly my duty to continue my search for General Von Mertens. Though not in Strasburg an hour ago, yet he might have arrived by this time. Forward, then, again with my four men. When we departed from the house the streets were empty. We proceeded in the direction of the citadel, where I was most likely to find my General if in the place at all. Turning round a corner we were confronted by a French regiment of regular infantry, marching with trumpeters and officers in front. The officers saluted me. I halted with my men, and returned their courtesy. Other regiments followed. They were fine, well-accoutred troops, marching in a sad, dejected manner. After these came a crowd of soldiers, less orderly and military in appearance. They did not march in step, but struggled on in desultory confusion. Their officers ignored my presence. I was looking at the sorry spectacle presented by the noisy, tumultuous mass, when suddenly one of the men came up to me, and, thrusting his fist into my face, said, 'Take that, you Prussian rascal!' The same instant another came up and did the like, striking the butt end of his musket within an inch of my foot. I ordered my men to keep quiet, and told the fellows threatening me I was an officer, and that they were bound to respect my epaulets. Though evidently drunk, they desisted. On attempting, however, to cross the street, to continue my route, I found myself again stopped by an enraged soldier, who, placing himself in my path, and lifting his gun, cried out, 'See my musket, with which I have killed so many Prussians!' With these words he deliberately took aim. I heard my men behind me presenting their guns likewise, and the chances were that we should all be dead men in a few moments. As a last resource I explained, laughingly, 'My brave fellows, don't make fools of yourselves; your pieces are not loaded!' There was an uncanny sparkle in his eye; but he turned round, and in another moment beat his rifle in pieces on the pavement. It was as though the others had but waited for this signal to do the same. Like roaring, shouting maniacs, they smashed their weapons so that the fragments flew about. As far as I could see the infection spread from rank to rank, each vying with his neighbor who could do it the most effectually. The officers were powerless to prevent it, even if they had so desired. One of them, addressing me in an excited, urgent voice, said, 'In Heaven's name, withdraw with your soldiers; your life is in danger!' I cried, 'March, forward!' and, calling out to the Frenchmen, 'Place, mes braves!' rapidly crossed, and we got into a quiet side street, with the wild shouts of the intoxicated soldiery ringing in our ears. Twenty minutes more and I was in the citadel. There, at length, I saw our helmets again. It was half past twelve, and the citadel was occupied by a company of the Thirty-fourth: 17,200 men, consisting of Line, Mobiles, Zouaves, etc., were laying down their arms at that moment outside the walls. Still no General Von Mertens was to be seen. So I determined to march back to the Commandateur, and, a Baden artillery officer with two men joining me, set out, not a little reassured by this important addition to my forces. In the more frequented streets we passed through the ground was strewn with arms, drums, trumpets, belts, etc. Poor people, mostly women, were picking up the things that were scattered about. As I crossed the bridge over the Ill, a man told me that there were many Chassepots in the river, which the French had cast there. By one o'clock I reached the Commandateur again, and, seating myself in the court-yard, felt like the commandant of the place. At last, after a long delay, a small detachment of our infantry arrived, and took possession of the building. Gradually the streets filled with our troops, cavalry made their appearance, and the familiar tattoo of our drums resounded from all sides. At half past two General Von Mertens, very coolly I must say I at first thought, rode into the court-yard of the Commandateur. I reported myself as having been awaiting his orders since 8 A.M. The General knew nothing whatever of my summons, and on my showing him the written order I had received, promised that the matter should be inquired into forthwith. In the mean time he was good enough to congratulate me on my not having been shot, and to evidence his approval, appointed me Garrison-Major of Strasburg."

THE SATAN ROCKET.

M. L—— (says *La France*), the distinguished civil engineer and chemist, of the Rue de Londres, Paris, has invented a rocket which will be a formidable engine of defense. He has christened it the *fusée Satan*. We have seen this rocket made, and we will endeavor to describe it to our readers. To the end of an ordinary rocket is attached a very slight receptacle of tin, having exactly the shape of a conical bullet. In this receptacle is arranged a chamber filled with a composition based, we believe, upon sulphuret of carbon, which composition, once lighted, gives out considerable heat. A fusee communicates from this chamber with the top of the rocket. The tin bullet is filled, just before being used, with petroleum oil. The lighted rocket rises in the air, and traverses the space necessary to arrive over a certain spot. Arrived above its object, the rocket sets fire to the fusee, the composition in the chamber of the bullet takes light, bursts its envelope, and at the same time fires the petroleum, which falls like a sheet of flame, and continues burning. The sheet of flame fills a space of sixteen to twenty-four square metres, according to the size of the rocket. No. 1 throws one litre of petroleum, No. 2 two litres, and No. 3 three litres. They can be thrown a distance of six kilometres, and aimed with great precision, being balanced by means of a long stick attached to each rocket, which maintains the elevation given to it at the time of the discharge. Some interesting experiments were made with this weapon at St. Cloud on the 10th of last month. In less than ten minutes a considerable space of ground was covered with a sea of fire. A committee, composed of superior officers of artillery, presided over the experiments, and the general at their head was appalled by the terrible nature of this engine of destruction. Just imagine this sea of fire falling upon the Prussian masses, burning every thing, setting light to the cartridges in the soldiers' pouches, and to the ammunition vans of the artillery. Their rout would be complete. The committee, in its report, has declared in its opinion no civilized nation could make use of these rockets except for reprisals; and it would be only in case of the Prussians firing upon us with petroleum bombs, such as they used at Strasburg, that we should be entitled to retaliate with the new rocket. However this may be, the Committee of National Defense has given the inventor a large building on the Batignolle (formerly a girls' school), and has ordered the immediate manufacture, on a large scale, of Satan rockets. From day to day 200 workmen will be actively employed, and within a few days we shall have a sufficient stock to enable us to repay the Prussians in their own coin, if, as at Strasburg, they make use of unlawful weapons.

PHILOLOGY OF THE WAR.

Many of the old towns and departments of France have names which are somewhat curious. "Orleans" is a corruption of the name of Aurelian, by whom the city was embellished. In the town of Epinal there is the statue of a child trying to extract a thorn from its foot, which is meant to symbolize the thorns and briers of the region in which the town was built. For this reason it was called "Espinal," from *spina*, a thorn. The word Alsace means the *Else*-place—else meaning *alias*, other, having gradually come to mean outsiders. Nancy is derived by some from Celtic *nant*, a valley, but others say it is from Gothic *naut*, daring. According to Förstemann, Metz and Mousson are traceable to the same root with the German *muth*, courage; while an analysis of Mezieres shows it to be from German *maz*, food, and *hari*, warrior. The town will probably regard itself as destined to furnish, if not to become, warriors' food.

The names of prominent men on the Continent just now have sometimes suggestive meanings. Bismarck is from "bishop's march," *i. e.*, mark or boundary. Bazaine's name is fundamentally Norse, from the old word *baza*, struggle; and the destroyed town of Bazeilles comes from the same. Moltke, oddly enough, is from Gothic *malojan*, Norse *mola*, English *maul*. Should we suppose the ke related to *kennen*, the name would mean the man who knows how to maul! The genius of christening would seem to have presided at the font also when Garibaldi was named. Gari is substantially one with *guerre* (*war* is the same), but particularly meant spear; and bald means bold. So the Italian hero is "Bold-spear." It is very remarkable that the most distinguished military men on the French side should have Teutonic names. Such is the case with Bazaine and Garibaldi, but it is equally true of Trochu, Uhrich, and Bourbaki. Trochu is from Anglo-Saxon *dreogan*, military; Uhrich from Old Norse *úr*, a buffalo; while Bourbaki is from *boer*, boor, and Old Norse *bagan*, to contend. It is natural that the names that come to us out of old times should bear traces of the perpetual wars amidst which they were given.

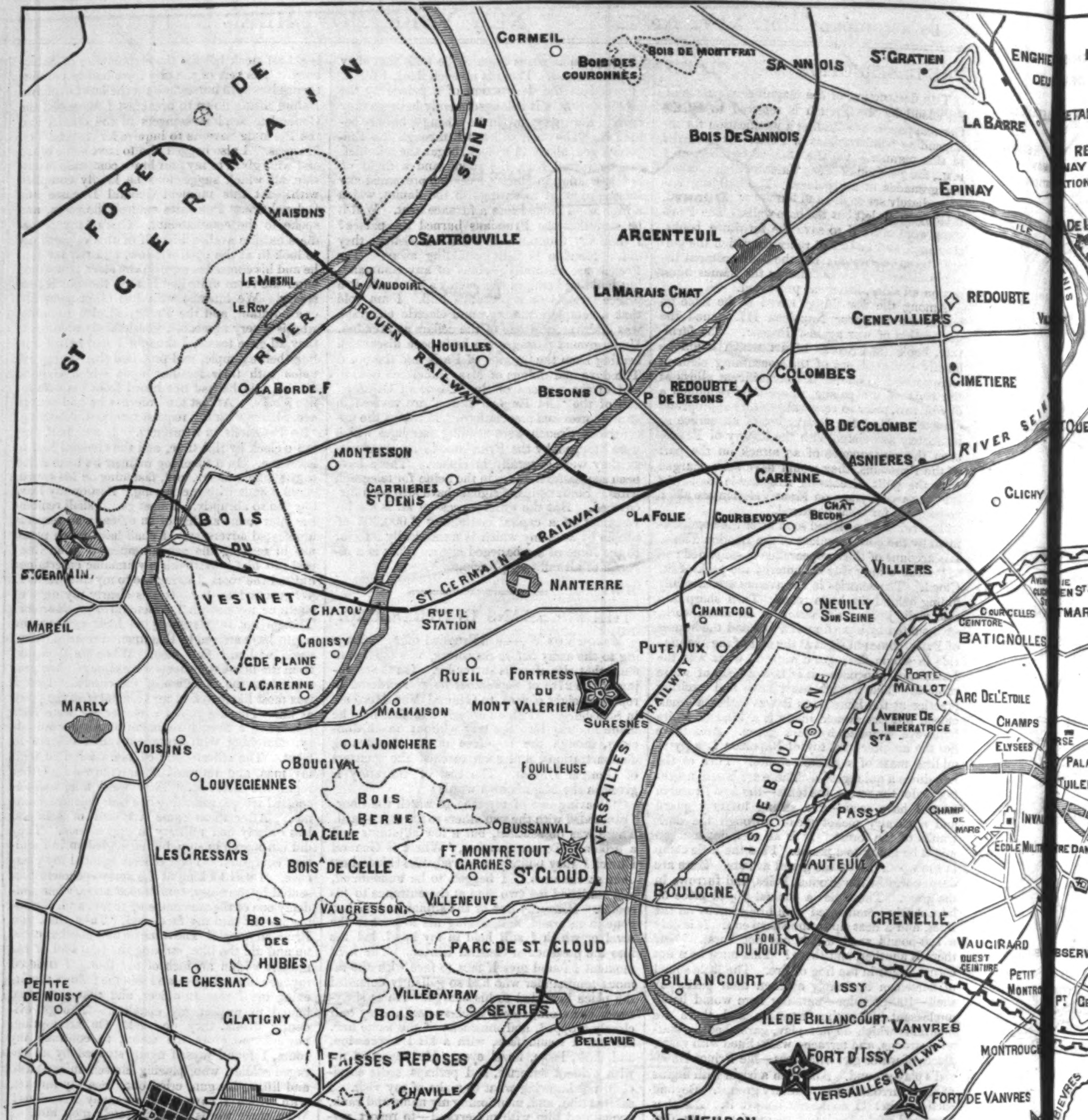
An English philologist, Mr. Robert Ferguson, has contended that Bonaparte is an old Frankish name, come back after long exile to its native land. The case, according to him, stands thus: Bonibert in the seventh and Bonipert in the ninth century appear as Frankish names. In that part of Italy which was subdued by the Franks I find the present Italian name, Boniperti. From the same part of Italy come also the Bonapartes. Still the name may be German, for the Lombards, who held that part of Italy before the Franks, were also Germans, and the name seems radically identical with the American name Bonbright, which Mr. Bowditch has shown to be from Anglo-Saxon *briht*, famous, and *bana*, slayer. Wherefore Bonaparte may mean, not as commonly thought, a man of *bon* or good parts, but a famous slayer.

About the name of the King of Prussia there is no doubt. Wilhelm means the helmet of Odin. In the Northern mythology the god Odin appeared at the creation of the world, in conjunction with Vili and Ve, beings whom Thorpe holds to be personifications of "divine agency." The name Vili (Old Norse) is the Anglo-Saxon *Willa*, English *Will*, meaning, according to Grimm, the force and spirit which set will in motion. *Vili* became a title of Odin as the supreme will. And *helmet* is of obscure origin, thought by some to be related to the light (Helios) which flashed from it. Wilhelm was the name given to the sixth from Woden—the mythical Odin—in the genealogy of the kings of the East Angles. King Wilhelm, therefore, in believing, as is said, in the divine right of kings, is but true to the old belief represented in his name, which traces his helmet to the *Will* of Vili, the god of Valhalla.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

One of the principal obstacles to peace between France and Prussia is the want of a stable and authorized French government with which a treaty could be concluded. In order to obviate this difficulty, it was proposed to arrange for an armistice which would give the French people the opportunity to elect an Assembly. The negotiations were conducted on the part of the French by M. Thiers, fresh from his unsuccessful journey to Russia, Vienna, London, and Florence in search of allies. The veteran statesman was admitted to an audience with King William at Versailles on the 1st of November, and subsequently, on the 3d and 4th, with Count Bismarck. At the first interview with the Count M. Thiers exhibited his authorization from the Paris government to arrange an armistice on the basis proposed by Lord Granville, namely, the duration of the armistice to be twenty-five days, the inhabitants of Paris to have the liberty to take in food during this interval, and free elections to be held in all the departments. Count Bismarck replied that it was all very well as far as it went, but an authorization from the Tours government was also necessary. M. Thiers said M. Gambetta and his colleagues would not disavow an agreement made by the Paris government, and supported by General Trochu and the army of Paris. But he would undertake at once to communicate with Tours, and obtain a formal authorization in addition to the informal powers already received. Count Bismarck insisted on the necessity of convoking an Assembly, to speak with authority in the name of the country. He said he was willing to suspend active hostilities for this purpose, but until all had been arranged the siege operations would have full course.

At the second interview Count Bismarck waived the point of the Tours government's authorization, and discussed the conditions of the armistice. He proposed that Paris should receive daily one day's food on the scale of present rations, and both belligerents proceed on their material preparations, the Germans to continue to occupy the whole territory now held by them, to cease to make forced requisitions, and to be allowed to bring forward all their stores and war material without interruption. M. Thiers agreed to these points, and asked, "Will Alsace and Lorraine be permitted to send deputies to the Assembly?" Count Bismarck replied in the negative, but at length intimated that he might consent.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LOUVECIENNES
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PARC DE ST CLOUD
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PARIS AND E

King William, however, refused his assent both to the revictualing of Paris and the participation of Alsace and Lorraine in the election. The negotiations were therefore broken off, M. Thiers returned to Paris, and the siege of Paris goes on with unabated vigor.

The accurate map of that city and the girdle of outlying forts printed on this page will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by the investing army. Probably no city in the world is better protected by artificial means than the French capital, or is more capable of prolonged defense, if not reduced by starvation, or compelled to surrender by internal dissensions; yet the history of all sieges proves that, unless relieved by a victory in the field, outside the fortifications, the strongest fortress ever constructed must in time yield to the investing force.

The detached forts about Paris are seventeen in number, of which the strongest is that of Mont Valérien. It stands upon the west side of Paris, upon a hill behind Suresnes and Puteaux, on the left bank of the Seine, directly opposite the Bois de Boulogne. The fort is built in a pentagon, with sides of from 380 to 440 yards in length. The conical top of the hill on which it is situated comes up in the centre, towering over every thing, and serves as a gigantic natural parados, or traverse. There is on the top of the cone a plateau, which is surrounded by an earthen parapet. Inside this there are bomb-proof barracks. The fort consists of bastions joined by curtains. There are high cavaliers in the bastions, and small re-entering places of arms opposite the centre of each front. There is a masonry counterscarp and a covered way on four of the fronts. There are reduits in the re-entering places of arms. There are seventy-six heavy guns and a battery of mitrailleuses on its ramparts, and a garrison of 1500 Gardes Mobiles and 700 sailors. Some of the guns have a calibre of 9½ inches. The other forts round Paris have each four or five fronts, of from 325 to 330 yards in length. They have a bastioned trace. In general, the dimensions are as follow: escarp, 33 feet; counterscarp, 20 feet to 24 feet high; ditch, 78 feet wide. Some have loopholed walls on the top of the escarp. They have covered ways, *tenailles*, opposite the entrances and re-entering places of arms. They are well supplied with casemates, whose embrasures open on to the ditch. Some have advanced works, and even important outworks. The armament of these forts consists, in great measure, of 80-pounder guns. The garrisons consist of Gardes Mobiles and sailors. In many cases neighboring spurs are occupied by strong earth-works, which look into adjoining hollows which could not be searched by the fire of the forts.

According to published statements the Prussian siege-train comprises, besides many guns of inferior calibre, the famous 6½-ton gun, calibre 8.25 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; the 14-ton gun, calibre 9.25 inches, projectile 337-pound shell, containing a bursting charge of 15 pounds of powder. Both the above are breech-loaders. The extreme range of these guns, with an elevation of 33 degrees, is said to be 9500 yards, or rather less than five and a half miles. The heaviest breech-loading rifle-guns mounted by the French at Paris are: 5-ton gun, calibre 6.3 inches, projectile 70-pound shell; 8-ton gun, calibre 7.5 inches, projectile 115-pound shell; 14-ton gun, calibre 9.45 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; 21½-ton gun, calibre 10.63 inches, projectile 480-pound shell. It would be interesting to know in what proportion these guns exist on the two sides; but this is one of those secrets which good generals preserve. It is not likely that either French or Germans have added considerably to the number of their heavy guns since the war began, as the larger ones are of slow construction. According to a Berlin letter, 25,000 tons of ammunition h the ar
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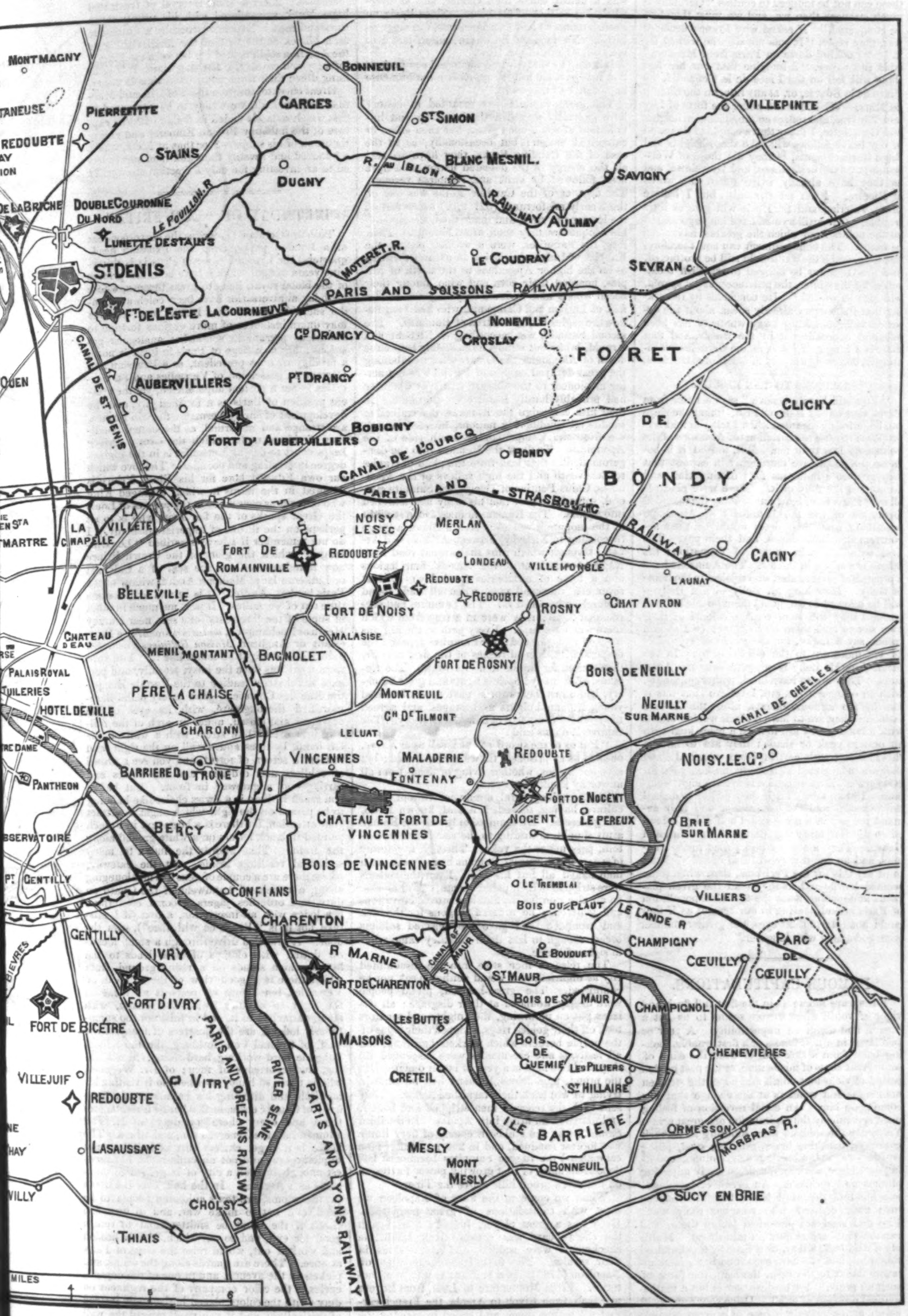
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not printed on both sides, nor, indeed, is it printed at all. It is lithographed, and consists of four short and narrow columns, filled with writing so minute that to read it would be a sore trial for one's eyes. Two numbers of it lie before us, each containing a "journal of the siege." They impart no information which has not already been supplied from other sources, but as curiosities of journalism they are of considerable interest.

BOMBAST.

La Liberté of October 17 says: "In three weeks from this date no bomb will have reached the heart of Paris; in three weeks Bazaine will be free; in three weeks Garibaldi will be master of the Vosges; in three weeks the Prussian army will be crushed under the forts, decimated by hunger and disease, or scattered in the provinces and annihilated." The *Liberté* adds: "Paris has issued from behind her shield of stone. She has burst into fragments the girdle of steel which bound her. On all sides the Prussians retreat. The lion is scattering the herd of buffaloes. The Prussians have entered. Let us close the frontiers that they may never depart."

THE GERMAN TROOPS BEFORE PARIS.

In their external appearance, says a writer in the *Cologne Gazette*, the German troops before Paris show scarcely any trace of the battles and marches which they have gone through. Advantage has been taken of the lull which has interposed to put in good order the whole *matériel* of the army. The Würtembergers and Bavarians are less particular in this respect than the Prussians, and on taking up their quarters any where they think first of eating and drinking, and then of cleaning their weapons, uniforms, and horses, whereas with the Prussians the latter is the first duty. The Bavarians have many slightly indisposed and fatigued soldiers, and contribute more inmates to the hospitals than the Prussians, owing to their faulty management. The Saxons have been quite equal to the Prussians since they have been under control of the Confederation, and have wonderfully improved since 1866. The activity of the regimental tailors, shoemakers, and locksmiths since the investment of Paris began, and the vigilance of the authorities as to the neatness and order of the troops, are evident at the reviews of the various divisions by the King. The regiments are almost as trim as on parade in garrison towns. The horses of the artillery and of most of the cavalry are in good and often in brilliant condition, especially those of the cavalry reserve. Only in those regiments which have had much outpost or patrol service, or which have bivouacked and marched a great deal, are seen ill-conditioned horses. Of the 20,000 horses captured at Sedan and elsewhere, the best have been picked out and supplied to the artillery and cavalry. Those include many capital Norman horses for the cavalry, and heavy animals for the artillery. The Barbary horses of the African troops, excellent as they are, are deemed too small for the Prussian cavalry. The strength of the regiments is better by about one-third than that at the beginning of September. Although in the battles near and before Metz many regiments were reduced to a half, and some to nearly a third of their numbers, the losses included a proportionately very large number of slightly wounded. Most of the wounded were struck by Chassepots from long distances, so that the force of the bullets was much spent, and many of them broke no bones, but buried themselves in flesh. The wounds caused by the Austrian bullets and grenades in 1866 were, on the average, much more serious. During the last few weeks, therefore, many soldiers, and a relatively much larger number of officers, who were wounded at Weissenburg, Wörth, and before Metz have rejoined the ranks. Many officers, indeed, have their arm in a sling, or a plaster on the face, or use a crutch, but their zeal induces them to render what service they can. The lack of superior officers which was felt in August and September, when young sub-lieutenants had frequently to command companies and second-class captains battalions, has almost disappeared. Most of the regiments have been reinforced, and it is a pleasure to see young, intelligent, muscular volunteers, burning with patriotism and warlike spirit. On off days most of the Prussian troops are vigorously drilled for some hours, and it is a singular spectacle to see recruits practicing a very strict parade march in the splendid court and broad alleys of Versailles.

NEW ARTICLE OF DIET.

A NEW article of diet has appeared in the Paris markets—ass's flesh—which is selling at 80 centimes per kilogramme. Recently, at M. Jules Favre's, there were three cutlets for seven persons. Nobody would touch them, and they remained for the servants, while every body made an onslaught on a ham, which quickly disappeared. Fresh-water fish and vegetables are abundant, but prices are rising daily.

ST. CLOUD AND STRASBURG.

THE German papers can not help contrasting the partial rescue of the St. Cloud library with the indifference which allowed the Strasburg collection to be annihilated by the flames. It is urged that the French authorities, knowing Strasburg would be attacked, might have stored away the library and picture-gallery in cellars, and preserved these invaluable treasures the same easy way as so many chairs, tables, and other everyday articles outlived the siege. It is also asserted, on the testimony of officers who have inquired into the subject, that part of the library might have been saved, even after the building had caught fire, but that no effort was made. On the contrary, there seems to have been a certain satisfaction at the Germans destroying what they set such store by. It must be owned there is some difference between this conduct and that of the Prussian soldiers rushing into the flames at St. Cloud and fetching the enemy's pictures out of a conflagration unnecessarily caused by the enemy himself.

THE IMPERIAL NOVEL.

THE following is a translation of the outline of a novel, recently found among the secret papers at the Tuileries, in the handwriting of the ex-Emperor:

"M. Benoit, a worthy grocer of the Rue de la Lune, set out in 1847 for America. After having traveled in the country which lies between the Hudson and Mississippi rivers he returned to France in the April of 1868, having spent nearly nineteen years abroad. He had heard the distant echoes of all that had been going on in France since 1848, without thoroughly realizing the changes that had been brought about. Some French refugees had told him that France had been groaning under the yoke of despotism, and that he would find his native country, to which he was about to return, degraded and impoverished, although it had been so prosperous when he quitted it in the time of Louis Philippe. Our friend Benoit lands accordingly at Brest a passenger by the American steamer. He enters the roadstead full of prejudices, regrets, and apprehensions. He asks of the first sea-faring man he meets, 'What, then, are these vessels which are so black and ugly when contrasted with the graceful sailing ships which I left behind?' The answer is, 'Why, these are armor-clad ships, the invention of the Emperor. They are covered with iron, and can not be injured by cannon-balls, and that transformation has destroyed up to a certain point the naval supremacy of England.' 'It may be so,' is the rejoinder, 'but I regret our old vessels with masts and sails—the ships of poetry.'" (On the margin opposite this place are these words, "passports suppressed.") "He sees near the Mairie the crowd going up to the elections. He is astonished to hear of universal suffrage, and astonished also at the railways which spread over France, and the electric telegraph. He arrives in Paris. Its embellishment. The city boundary extended to the fortifications. He buys various articles, and finds them cheaper than they were, thanks to the commercial treaty. Iron cheaper, etc. He thinks that many authors are in prison. An error. No *émeutes*, no political prisoners, no exiles, no preventive imprisonment. Acceleration of lawsuits. Privateering suppressed. Savings-banks for old age. The asylums of Vincennes. The coalitions. *Police de roulage* abolished. Regulations abolished. Military service made lighter, pay increased, medal founded, retiring allowance augmented. Reserve increasing the strength of the army. Fund to relieve sick priests. Arrest for debt. Brokers; a shop-keeper who sent out a clerk to sell or buy merchandise arrested. General councils."

A NIGHT TELEGRAPH.

A NEW nocturnal military telegraph has been invented by a Hungarian officer, and sold to the Prussian War Department. By means of this telegraph, which consists of rockets of different colors, a communication can be established between two armies stationed at a distance of twenty miles from each other It would enable Bazaine, for instance, to have communicated with the commandant of Thionville. Each rocket represents six words, and an order containing 300 words can thus be conveyed by fifty rockets. The key to this telegraph, which may be altered so as to make it unintelligible to the enemy, contains all the words used in strategy and tactics.

LIVING ON THE COUNTRY.

How requisitions are conducted by the Germans—especially in the districts round Paris—may be judged from a report of Major Schmettow, from Chavenay, near St. Cyr. He says:

"We summon the mayor and municipality, and inform them in writing what they have to furnish. As I have an excellent book relating to all the communes in the department, the authorities are astonished when I make the most accurate statements as to their herds of cattle, population, etc., and address the head officials by their names. The little extract in my hand furnishes me with data for all this without any great trouble. One mayor had to deliver sixty sacks of oats. He swore hard and fast that it was impossible. Without listening to him further I required in addition two bullocks and four sheep. It was not my intention to take these. An hour afterward I received the oats, with the warmest thanks of the authorities for waiving the bullocks and sheep. In communes, however, where five or more requisitions have been made, to take away cattle from the people is an unpleasant part of the soldier's duty."

RAILWAY HOSTAGES.

THE railway at Epernay having been torn up by the French on the 11th ult., whereby a train of sick German soldiers was upset, three of them being killed and twenty injured, the French authorities have been required to appoint hostages of wealth and rank, who will accompany every train in the front carriage. In case of destruction of the line, and accident to a train, these persons will forfeit their lives. Several persons, including a count residing in the vicinity of the outrage, have been arrested, but it will be almost impossible to discover the offenders.

A PEN FOR BISMARCK.

PARIS is not yet taken, but the pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissinger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goose-quill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and below them a count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of 18 carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of 21 carats.

GERMAN IDEAS OF FRENCHMEN.

A GERMAN writer in the *Cologne Gazette* comments on the impossibility of reasoning with the French. They know that it is all up with them, and console themselves with the belief that in five years they will revenge their shameful defeat, but in the same breath they protest that they are not conquered, and are deceiving themselves to the last with the absurdest reports of victories. The "genius of the defense of Strasburg" is invoked by Gambetta. A patriot, but a fool, expects by barricades to repel a million practiced soldiers, and by a mob of Mobiles and francs-tireurs to annihilate the enemy in the provinces. The townspeople and peasants, with their excitable temperament, are stirred up by babblers and dreamers to deeds of so-called heroism, and while a handful of the enemy fall victims, the localities implicated are punished by destruction or contributions. Emissaries and proclamations are sent about, inciting a guerrilla war, directing people to assume to-day the franc-tireur's blouse, to-morrow the peasant's smock, so that they are to blame if peasants and francs-tireurs are fusilladed. The barricades and obstructions placed in the roads are not, however, defended; and behind the costly railway bridges and tunnels, which are shattered to pieces, there stood not one man to prevent the passage of the Moselle by the enemy on a bridge of boats. Will the well-to-do effeminate Paris tradesman or the artisan display more bravery than the army? Will he not threw away his musket as soon as the first shells fall in the city, like the people of the large provincial towns? To talk of dying under the ruins of Paris is the very fudge which has talked France into destruction. Treachery, numbers, espionage—these, according to the Paris praters, are the means by which the Germans have "intrigued" themselves up to Paris. There are intelligent people in France, but even these can not be induced to confess "Germany is much stronger than we, and we must therefore be conquered." If asked why France declared war, they reply, "It was not we who wished for it." "Looking down on Paris from Meudon," adds the writer, "I imagine that our heaviest shots will fall on the Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Bourse, or, at any rate, on the Champ de Mars. When I stand under the forts of Issy and Vanvres, and reflect on the Spicheren heights and Gravelotte, I fancy that a couple of thousand of our brave fellows will take these heights and these intrenchments, as they did those of Weissenburg, Saarbrück, Gorze, and Gravelotte, and as they have already twice taken the works at Bicêtre. I am no strategist, but I believe Mont Valérien and St. Denis will give us little trouble. Our artillerymen have long ago selected the points from which the greatest havoc can be made. The bombardment can not, therefore, last long, and if the war should still be protracted, and the Germans be obliged to establish themselves for the winter, the provinces, as yet spared, will also be wasted." He concludes by remarking that freebooters already sneak about the deserted villages, taking away whatever has been left and concealing it in the woods, and that there is a danger of Paris, on the Germans evacuating it, becoming the prey of bands of marauders.

AMAZONS TO THE RESCUE.

"YOU will hardly believe," says a letter from Paris, sent out by Balloon Post, "that the siege can be seriously regarded when I tell you that it is proposed to raise ten battalions of Amazons of the Seine—no less than ten. But, indeed, it is because the people are thoroughly in earnest that they go into a ludicrous folly of this kind, and do not see the folly of it. There were placards all over Paris last night, announcing the intended formation of the ten battalions of Amazons, describing what their dress would be, their accoutrements, their duties, and their pay. The first battalion is in course of formation; the others are as yet in the air. The Amazons have a provincial commander, who rejoices in the name of Belly. How long M. Belly—Felix Belly—will be allowed to command them no one knows: perhaps they will soon want a colonel of their own sex to lead them on to glory; or I should rather say a major, for the grade of colonel is as yet unknown in the citizen army. In the mean time M. Belly is supreme over the Amazons. They are to have black nether garments, with an orange stripe, cut, I believe (but this is not in the announcement), after the Zouave fashion; they are to have a black woolen blouse with a hood; they are to have a black képi with an orange peak or shade; they are to have a shoulder-belt with cartridge-box attached; and they are to be armed with a light musket, good for 200 yards. Each battalion is to have eight companies 150 strong. Their duty will be to defend the ramparts and the barricades; and they demand the pay of a franc and a half a day, allowed to all the other battalions of the National Guard. They are in earnest; they mean business, and no doubt they will find recruits; but I must say this for the Parisians, that, while some seemed bewildered as they read the green placards announcing what the feminine population of Paris intend, staring in amazement as if they could not believe their eyes, the greater number were consumed with laughter."

FAMOUS CAPITULATIONS.

THERE are moments in the first full flush and vigor of youth when sorrow seems to us but a dream, and death an impossibility. A year or two later, in a first illness or a first trouble, looking back from a sick-bed, or from the edge of some great abyss of misfortune, at the past golden period of victorious youth and hope, the stricken man sighs and wonders at the change that has come upon him. An equal revulsion of feeling must accompany the capitulation of a great army. Yesterday the soldiers were shouting in barrack gateways, polishing brass, grinding steel, piling powder-wagons, admiring new cannon, counting cartridges, shaking out flags, gayly adjusting plumes and epaulets. An ocean of bayonets! one hundred thousand brave hearts! who can turn their course? who can bar their way? Fire and steel are powerless before them, and cannon-shots are as autumn rain-drops. Multiply a wild bull, a lion, or a tiger by one hundred thousand, and you have even then but a faint approximation to the rush, the leap, the force of such an army. Yet modern war is but a mathematical problem after all. Drive your army swift as an arrow along the base of a given triangle while your opponent is blundering up one side and down the other to get at you, and you will pass your sword through his heart before he even sees it glitter. War is the same chess game now that it was in the time of that great master player, the first Napoleon. There is the board, there are the equal ranks of pieces; the knights leap, the bishops sidle, the castles sweep the line, the pawns move timidly; the game appears equal. Suddenly the Philidor—the Morphy—moves a piece, and the enemy is at once paralyzed. There is a dead lock, his army becomes entangled in a deadly defile, his queen falls by her husband's very side. Another move. The king is checked. The monarch and all his army are cooped in a corner, and in deadly danger. A feeble move more, and he moves not again. That position of things in chess is called checkmate; in war, capitulation.

And what a capitulation that of M'Mahon's army at Sedan on the 2d of September last! On that day, so fatal to France, after that defeat, worse than ten Pavias and six Waterloos, there were surrendered to the Prussian invaders eighty-three thousand French rank and file, five hundred and fifty cannon, and ten thousand horses. It was a defeat worse than Cannæ, and as overwhelming as that of Granicus. Since Pavia no French monarch had ever been taken in siege or battle. No modern European nation has ever received so crushing a blow.

It is only by analysis and historical comparison that it is possible fully to appreciate the immense importance of this event.

The great capitulations recorded in history have generally preceded the break-up and humiliation of some once great, but then effete or exhausted nation; but occasionally, as in the case of the Caudine Forks, they have aroused all the energy of the defeated nation, and have been followed by swift and complete revenge. The disaster of the Caudine Forks was one of those early misfortunes (321 B.C.) which turned the Romans to steel, and made them the invincible conquerors they soon after became. Their foes, the Samnites, were a warlike people, the Kabyles of Italy, who, living in natural fortresses on the higher Apennines to the north of Naples, hoarded their corn and wine among their beech woods and ravines, despising the feebler folk of Latium and Campania, who had bent before the eagles of the children of Romulus. The second Samnite war, according to Niebuhr and Arnold, broke out almost immediately before the death of Alexander the Great, who, in subduing the great decayed empire of Persia, was but acting as pioneer to the obscure nation of whom he had probably hardly heard even the name. In their fifth campaign the Romans, determined to subdue all neighboring nations, invaded Samnium from the Campanian or south side of the Apennines. To draw the Romans into the dangerous defiles that lead from the plain of Naples to Benevento and the high valleys of the Apennines, Caius Pontius of Telesia, the Samnite general, spread a report that his army had marched into Apulia. The Romans at once drove straight at the mountain passes. At Caudium, a gorge (according to Niebuhr) between Arienzo and Arpaia, through which runs the present road from Naples to Benevento, the consuls' four legions and a force of auxiliaries (probably), at least seventeen thousand men, when all told, found themselves hemmed in. The Samnites had surrounded them; they were in a trap from which there was no escape. Every path on the hill was blocked and guarded; the Samnites repelled the desperate, maddened rushes of the first despair, then waited for famine to do its work. The Romans, after many hopeless fights and great butchery, laid down their swords, gave up six hundred young Roman knights as hostages, and agreed to surrender every foot of Samnite territory. The captive Romans said:

"Put us to the sword at once, sell us as slaves, or keep us as prisoners till we are ransomed; but save our bodies, whether living or dead, from all unworthy insults."

The Samnite general, a man not without Greek culture, having, indeed, it is said, known Plato, was generous. He required only that the Roman army should, according to the usual Roman custom, pass under the yoke. Through a gateway of spears the downcast Romans had to walk, each man naked all but his kilt. Even the consuls were stripped of their paludamenta, or war-cloaks. In all else Pontius the Samnite proved chivalrous and generous; he ordered wagons for the sick and wounded, and gave the dejected soldiers bread enough to last them till they came within sight of Rome.

The released men stole into the discomfited city at nightfall, and would neither speak nor be comforted. The great-hearted, proud people were deeply wounded at their disgrace; all citizens put on mourning, the knights and senators took off their golden rings, stripped their togas of the purple borders which marked their rank, and all festivals and ceremonies were suspended till they could be held in a year of better omen. But the proud, pugnacious Romans lost no time in trying to win back their tarnished honor. They sent back the released men stripped and bound, and marched an army into Apulia. In the third Samnite war the stubborn enemy of fiery Rome was forever subdued, and in 290 B.C. (after nine campaigns) the rugged Samnites became at last dependent allies of that growing power fortressed on the seven proud hills above the Tiber.

When we come to the wars of Napoleon we meet with capitulations of great magnitude. Here was a great player, indeed; and though the chess-board was comparatively small, the checkmates were sudden, and tremendous in their results. The first Italian campaign of Napoleon (1796) was a brilliant sequence of victories. From Montenotte to Lodi, from Rovere to Rivoli, from Rivoli to Arcola, the French carried all before them, and ended in cooping the baffled Wurmser and his army within the walls of Mantua. Nine thousand of the Austrian garrison were soon down with marsh fever, and already nearly all the cavalry horses had been killed and salted for food.

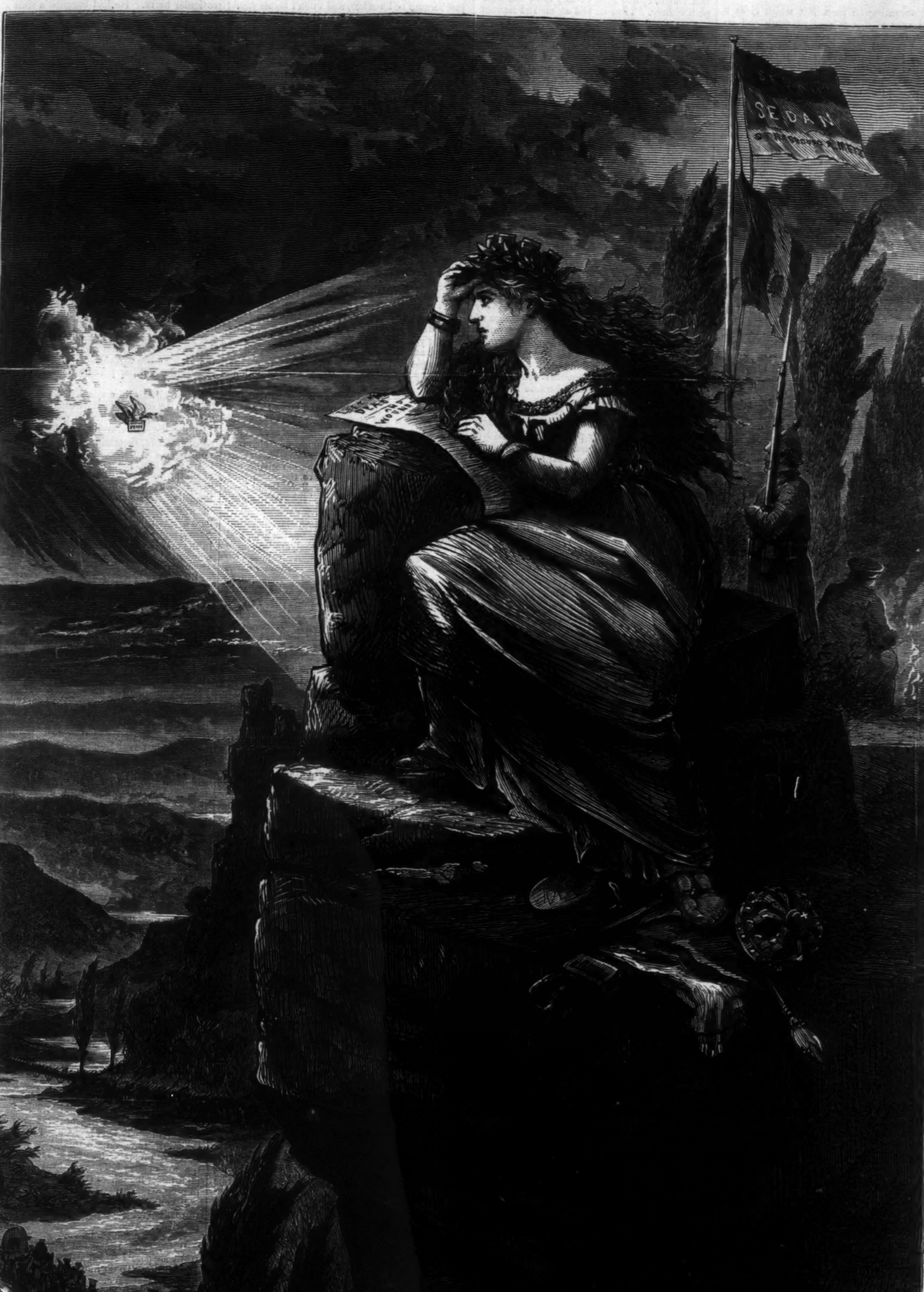
After a brave and sullen defense, Wurmser, with no prospect of relief, and with only three days' more provisions, surrendered on honorable and generous terms, as Napoleon was eager to march on Rome and Venice. Bonaparte refused to be personally present when the brave old soldier surrendered his sword and his twenty thousand men laid down their muskets. In that six months' siege the Germans are said to have lost by disease and in sallies twenty-seven thousand men.

But at Ulm, in 1805, Napoleon had a still greater triumph. The French had advanced to reconquer Bavaria from the Austrians under Mack, who, with a Tyrolese, Dalmatian, and Italian army, took the field against them. Mack, deserted by the Archduke Ferdinand, presently found himself with thirty thousand men shut up in Ulm. In vain he waited for the arrival of Russian succor, or for the Archduke Charles to shake off Massena, who was hanging on his haunches. After a short interval of frustrated hope Mack surrendered with his twenty-seven thousand men. Napoleon stood by a watch-fire on a hillock at the foot of the Michaelsberg as the Austrian soldiers filed out between the French infantry and cavalry. The Austrians, it is said, flung down their arms with irrestrainable anger.

Great checkmates were those of Ulm and Mantua, but, after all, were they to be compared to that which so lately ended at Sedan with the capture of the unhappy French Emperor and eighty thousand of his subjects? or that at Metz, where a hundred and seventy thousand men surrendered to an investing foe only a fraction stronger?

BIRTHDAY OF "OUR FRITZ."

TO-DAY (October 18, writes the correspondent of a London paper, from the Prussian headquarters) the Crown Prince of Prussia is thirty-nine years of age. There have been few princes of the blood royal, heirs to great thrones, whose birthday anniversaries have been celebrated under such circumstances. Deeply read students may quote instances of more curious fortune to illustrious persons in somewhat analogous positions; but as a siege of Paris in itself is not a a prodigy without precedent, as a Prussian and German in possession of Versailles and St. Germains is not a portent unparalleled, yet the present position of Paris as a fortified city, and the development of purely Germanic force in France, are strange and abnormal, as the actual condition of things under which the Crown Prince keeps court to-day at Versailles is in the highest degree interesting and peculiar. The love which our own Edward bore for his Black Prince is renewed in the terms in which the aged King who now sits as conqueror in the palaces of Louis the Great speaks of the fair Fritz who is to sit perhaps on the throne of imperial Germany. I do not remember if I have described "Les Ombrages," which the glory of the Crown Prince now illuminates. It is the seat of a Calvinist or Lutheran lady, Madame André, widow of the Paris banker, André. It is in and at the same time out of Versailles. It puts me much in mind of some of the "retreats" one sees near Putney Heath or Roehampton, *mutatis mutandis*; a Protestant or Anglican *Maison Religieuse* near St. John's Wood might be found like it. You turn from what was once the busy, worldly, and perhaps sinful street leading to the Port de Bucq—the Rue des Chantiers—now a very pallid flesh-mortified thoroughfare, with its eyes of life downcast and closed, under an arch of the railway into a lane-like street with a wall on the left hand, by trees and a wall on the right, and in front a screen of forest, and you see a crowd of soldiers and orderlies and led horses and carriages at a gateway in front. But before you reach it there is a Swiss chalet-like building to be passed on the right which ought to attract your attention, for there is a large text in French painted in black letters on a white ground along the front. That affords the index to many scriptural readings inside. At the gateway, where there are a couple of gens d'armes lounging about, a couple of Landwehr of the Guard on duty, and orderlies, jägers, grooms, etc., there is a lodge with an inscription, a text (if I mistake not it is "Peace be with thee"), over the door. A graveled drive through a small meadow dotted with clumps of trees leads to the house, which stands on a rising ground, from which there is a good view of the Château of Versailles, but before we reach it we come on the right to another Swiss-like chalet, with stables attached to it, and in this, not too sumptuously lodged, are the quarters of many of the staff, of Colonel Von Gothberg, the most indefatigable, hard-working, hard-riding, clear-thinking, and courteous of men; of Dr. Wegener, who is never so happy as when he is visiting his hospitals and directing his battalions of *infirmiers*; of Count Seckendorff, when he is not "here, there, and every where" on duty; of M. Von Blumenthal, the General's son, and others. The house is a large, chalety sort of building, not unpicturesque and not uncomfortable, but modest enough in such a city of large, suited mansions as Versailles. In the hall, over the doors in the rooms, are texts enjoining people to be good, and not to make war, and to turn one cheek if the other be smitten, and to return good for evil, and so on, which, if duly heeded and worked out, would raise the siege of Paris at once. There are guards along the walks, and pickets in the avenue, and in one of the dependencies is the color company of the regiment on duty (with the colors placed horizontally instead of vertically); and if you stroll toward the wall inclosing the belt of woods you will find sentries perched up on platforms, looking over and guarding against free-shooters or surprises. Sentries, too, at the doorways, and to-day a great gathering of horses and carriages, officers in full uniform—an animated crowd—anxious to pay their respects to the Crown Prince, and to write their names in the royal book. The Prince held a levée at which the highest personages were present, and to which every officer who could get away from duty repaired, so that Les Ombrages were bright indeed. As I entered I met Captain Hozier, who had only just arrived. The Crown Prince had a reception here at 12 o'clock, to which all the officers, high and low, and the King himself, came to present their congratulations. Prince Adelbert and the officers of state and of the royal staff arrived and breakfasted with the Crown Prince subsequently. The Crown Prince and his staff dined with his Majesty the King at the Prefecture, where covers were laid for eighty. The King gave a toast, which was very grateful and graceful, "To you, by whose means we are here!"


SEDAN
STRASBOURG & METZ
DEAD
WOUNDED
PEACE
DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.
Th. Nast

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

THE engraving on page 760, which gives a general view of this famous structure and its gardens, represents the Crown Prince distributing that coveted decoration of the German soldier, the Iron Cross, to fifty of his officers and men, who had especially distinguished themselves in the present war. The ceremony took place in the court-yard of the old palace, in which is a statue of LOUIS QUATORZE, and commenced by a grand parade, the old inscription on the building, "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," standing out with bitter irony. The battalions were then drawn up in the court-yard in close columns, with the Prince and his staff in the centre. Then, amidst a respectful silence, the soldiers appearing as calm and as motionless as marble, the fortunate recipients' names were called out one by one, each marching up to the Prince, receiving the decoration, and marching back again as mechanically as if it were an everyday occurrence. This ended, "OUR FRITZ" addressed a few words to his troops, and himself gave the signal for a cheer for King WILLIAM, which was most enthusiastically taken up, the bands playing the national anthem. A cheer for the Prince himself concluded the ceremony.

"JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

EVA TRESILIAN was the prettiest girl in the small circle on which she shone. She lived in a little town in one of the southern counties of England, a town which combined the attractions of a garrison, a cathedral, and (being a sea-port) a splendid stretch of strand. Society there was not very fast, to be sure, but it had the great recommendation that, if not fast, it certainly was not loose. The amusements were mild. There were balls (a few), and dancing-parties (a great many), and card-parties, in the winter; there were boating excursions, and bathing, and driving, and picnicking in the summer. This story tells of a time some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when croquet had not yet been invented, when suppers were still eaten, and when the young ladies, and even the gentlemen, at evening parties were expected to sing songs as a matter of course. In this country town I speak of things were so very backward, fashion traveled so slowly down, that even the recital of a favorite poem was not an unusual contribution to the entertainment of an evening.

In this social circle, thus amusing itself, Eva Tresilian was, as I have said, the prettiest girl and the brightest. She sang, played, danced, rode, flirted admirably; and it is a pity that croquet was not a flourishing game in her girlish days, her foot and ankle were so very shapely and graceful. She was a romantic girl, too, and she raved about Tennyson's "Maud," then new to the reading world, and often dreamed of being the Princess, only with a different moral to the story; and she delighted in Bulwer's "Zanoni," and perhaps occasionally liked to fancy herself *une femme incomprise*. This thought, however, only arose to her mind whenever her lover said or did any thing which jarred upon her feelings, whenever he indulged in a momentary fit of jealousy, or looked grave and discontented if she danced too often with somebody else.

Will Hepworth was her lover—her *fiancé*, one might almost say, for all the town assumed that they were engaged, and would soon be married. Will Hepworth was a tall, strong, manly fellow, with a great beard; his father was the principal banker of the town, and Will would have a fair property some time or other; and so occupied himself at present chiefly in hunting, fishing, rowing, and making love to Eva Tresilian, whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The course of true love was running very smoothly indeed with this fortunate pair. Perhaps it was running too smoothly. Your artist soul, your soul made of fire, and child of the sun, usually takes more delight in the Swiss torrent than in the Dutch canal; and Eva Tresilian delighted to believe that her nature was steeped in the atmosphere of art.

It was not a fortunate circumstance that brought to the garrison just about this time a certain celebrated regiment of light cavalry, to which belonged the Honorable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow. Captain Dartwell was not a very young man by any means, although a younger son. He was not, perhaps, far off forty years of age. He was nearly as tall as Will Hepworth, and he was, in a certain sense, a far more striking personage in appearance. While Will was fair and bright of complexion, Captain Dartwell was dark-haired and sallow; Will had a light beard, but Dartwell had what Guy Livingstone would call a cascade of black mustache. Then Dartwell had that peculiar expression, part melancholy, part stern, part "used up" and Don Giovanni-like, which belongs to a certain class of English military swell. Moreover, he had a wound on his forehead, won in some one of England's incessant frontier wars in Hindostan; and he had the reputation of having lived with wild companions of the highest rank and the lowest moral standard in London.

The moment Eva Tresilian looked first at the Honorable Captain Dartwell she felt an interest in him and admired him; the moment Will Hepworth saw the distinguished dragoon he took a strong dislike to him. This dislike grew deeper and deeper, as it became evident that Will was a person of quite secondary interest in the eyes of his social circle when the dark-mustached, stern-looking soldier, who was the son of an earl, and had looked on war, happened to stand near him.

When Eva first met the captain (at one of the most brilliant balls of the little town's season) she danced with him several times, and she found that Dartwell, like most cavalry men, was a superb waltzer. Then he had an air and manner at once proud and caressing, chivalric and lazy, courteous and *blasé*, which imposes immensely on girls. His slightest attention to her was offered in a style which seemed to give special meaning to it, seemed to mark it out as something done for her and her only; and he ignored so calmly and grandly some of the most pretentious people in the room that his courtesy and deference to Eva sent little throbs of pride and delight through her. The more often he met her the more attentive he became. He would stand by her chair and talk with her in a low tone, and bending his tall figure over her shoulder, for half an hour together, superbly unheedful of the fact that others were watching and waiting in vain for the chance of exchanging half a dozen words with her. He told her of travels and encampments and battles, not as Othello told his tales, but with a careless, almost contemptuous manner, as of one to whom the worst dangers of life were unexciting, and hardly even interesting.

In fact, Eva was a little dazzled by the manner and the attentions of the Honorable Captain Dartwell. Will Hepworth became jealous and irritable, and probably made himself occasionally ridiculous. Dartwell gave no outward sign of any particular emotion, but was doubtless rather pleased to note the evidences of emotion, very different in their kind, which his presence and his ways created in those around him.

Thus the weeks and months went on, and Dartwell's attentions to Eva became more and more distasteful to Will Hepworth. Yet there was hardly any thing in them of which open complaint could be made. Nothing like love-making could be seen; only poor Will felt that Eva was growing colder toward him the longer Dartwell remained in the town. At last there came news which ought to have gladdened the heart of Hepworth: the regiment to which Captain Dartwell belonged was ordered off to the Crimea to take a part in the campaign against the Russians. Alas! this very fact only tended to poor Will's further discomfiture, for it invested his rival—if Dartwell could be called a rival—with a new, touching, and pathetic interest in the romantic eyes of Miss Eva. Oh, how Will Hepworth wished that *he* were going to the wars—to fight against the Russians, the French, the Saracens, any body—so that he might seem an interesting figure in Eva's mind, and purchase, even with his death, some of her tears!

A few nights before the departure of the regiment there was quite a brilliant little party at the house of one of the leaders of fashion in this town. Eva was there, looking very romantic, sad, and beautiful; Will Hepworth was there, looking sullen and out of sorts; Captain Dartwell was there, looking cool, composed, and stern, as usual, relaxing always into a graceful, smiling languor when Eva Tresilian was near. In the course of the night Eva was invited to sing, and Dartwell, who stood near her, led her to the piano. She sang, accompanying herself, the little "Jeannette and Jeannot" song that used to be so popular when we were all a dozen years younger, and which one hardly ever hears now—the song in which the poor little maid takes a farewell of her soldier-lover who is going to the wars, and fears that he will forget her, and wishes that there were no fighting men abroad, or weeping girls at home, and so forth; not a master-piece of music or poetry, certainly, but having some simple nature at the heart of it—not incapable, under certain circumstances and conditions, even of drawing tears. Why on earth did Eva select that particular song for that particular occasion? Did she plunge into it unconsciously? Did she mean it to bear the interpretation which all the listeners put on it? Assuredly every one in the room took it as the outpouring of the girl's grief and love—grief and love which might not be repressed, and which were called into cruel activity by the approaching departure of Captain Rupert Dartwell. To make the matter worse, poor Eva's voice began to give way toward the close of the ballad, and some of the listeners feared that she was about to burst into tears, and that there would be a scene; and some eyes were turned inquiringly upon Will Hepworth, and some upon the Honorable Captain Dartwell, who bent his tall form over the shoulders of the singer.

Hepworth's heart was nearly torn asunder as he stood and listened to the first verse of this ill-omened ballad. But he had a manly heart, and it grew stronger and calmer as the singer went on. The thing was done and hopeless, he thought to himself. "She loves him, and she does not love me. I know the worst, and all is over. Nothing can add to my defeat and my sufferings; nothing can mitigate or diminish them. *He* does not love her, does not appreciate her; but that is no comfort to me. She can never be the same to me again." Every stout heart braces itself up, and grows calmer when the worst is known; and Will Hepworth presently crossed the floor of the room with a firm step and a composed countenance. He made his way, not without some little difficulty and delay, up to Eva's side.

"Eva," whispered Will, in a low, calm tone, "I want to say a word to you—just a word or two."

She looked up with a *distrait* and absent sort of expression; but when he repeated what he had said she took his arm, and they crossed the room, and came into a large ante-chamber, or hall, opening upon a garden, in which two or three couples were already pacing, and which was used as a sort of refrigerating place by heated dancers during the night. Here Will had a chance of saying, unheard by all save Eva, what he wished to say.

"Eva, you don't care about me—you don't love me any more. I don't think now that you ever did. I see it all to-night, and I don't want to thrust myself on you. I don't believe any fellow has a right to insist on a girl's loving him just because he loves her, and I don't blame you. Eva—you are romantic and all that—I don't suppose you can help yourself; and so good-by, and God bless you."

Eva looked up quite startled. Surely this was what she had a right to expect, and yet it seemed to come on her with a shock of surprise.

"Will, I don't understand you. What have I done?"

"Done? Nothing, Eva, except that you love *him*, and you don't love me."

"Him! Whom?" She assumed at once a look of wonder and anger and innocence.

"Don't, Eva—don't try on a kind of deceit which is new to you, and doesn't become you."

"You are polite and kind indeed, Will—Mr. Hepworth, I mean—very polite, in accusing me of deceit." She grew red, and was evidently doing her best to be angry. A quarrel would just then have been very timely, and would have relieved her conscience a good deal. She longed to be able to persuade herself that Will had offended her and treated her badly.

He saw her object, and he only shook his head sadly.

"No, Eva," he said, "we shall not quarrel. I don't mean to say any thing rude or harsh; indeed, it would not be worth our while having any hard words now. Quarrels are for lovers, Eva, not for you and me. I haven't any thing more to say, and so good-by."

The girl had her head bent down. When she looked up again William Hepworth was no longer near. So trivial are often the first impulses of most of us on the gravest occasions that the sensation which instantly flashed up in Eva Tresilian's breast was one of anger at Will's rudeness in leaving her there alone—not his leaving her as her lover, and renouncing any claim to her affections, but simply his walking out of that room, and going away without even giving her his arm to conduct her back to the room they had quitted. "Captain Dartwell would not have been guilty of such rudeness," the girl thought, and petulant tears started to her eyes.

At that moment came Captain Dartwell himself in quest of her. He gave her his arm, and they walked up and down the cool, almost empty hall several times, and Eva forgot all about Will Hepworth. They talked of Dartwell's imminent departure, of the possibilities of the campaign, of the chances that they two might never meet again; he spoke gravely, she sadly; they talked sentimental talk—almost, indeed, lovers' talk—but still nothing was said of love. Dartwell did not approach any thing of the kind. Eva expected every moment that the declaration—the proposal, which she believed inevitable, for which she had given up, in anticipation, every thing—was coming at last; and it never came. This was their actual parting, their farewell interview. They would probably never be alone again before his departure. He knew and she knew that both alike understood this to be their adieu scene, and he never said a word of love. Nay, as if he wished to free himself distinctly from any possible obligation, he took occasion to say, when speaking with careless gloom of the prospects of the war:

"You see, Miss Tresilian, I have one great advantage over many of our fellows. If I should drop, it really doesn't much matter. Nobody will care much. As the younger son, I am not much of an object of interest to my father; and as I am not a marrying man, nothing that happens to me will break any lady's heart. If it were your friend Mr. Hepworth, now, every body would feel concerned because of the girl he left behind him. But I can go in without any such sense of responsibility, and draw fire from the Russians without the slightest compunction."

Poor Eva! She could hardly keep from bursting into tears. The farewell interview was over, and this was how it ended! They left the hall almost immediately after these words were spoken, and returned to the crowded room. Their absence had been noticed; their return created a sort of small sensation. As they came in—Eva leaning on Captain Dartwell's arm, her eyes downcast, her cheeks flushed, her lips quivering—every body, certainly every woman, in the room mentally said, "He has proposed for her, and she has accepted him, of course." And several wondered whether they would be married before he went to the Crimea, and whether, if so, she would go there with him.

One of her closest friends, Annie Prestwich, contrived to get a seat beside Eva presently, and in the lowest and softest of whispers asked,

"May I not congratulate you, Eva dear?"

Eva turned a sad, wild, wondering look upon her, and could make no reply, and Annie withdrew, bewildered.

That was a miserable night to poor Eva. She tossed and turned, restless and hopeless, in her bed; and only fell asleep for an hour or two as morning drew near, to awake with a start to the consciousness that she had played all her love and her hopes on one stake deliberately, and had lost.

Gradually the truth became known through the town. Captain Dartwell had gone, actually gone, from the place, had sailed for Malta on his way to the Crimea, and had never proposed—had evidently never meant to propose—for Eva Tresilian. Eva's father and mother stormed a good deal at first; and the father, a stout old boy of an ancient school, who had seen many a "meeting" at Wormwood Scrubs and Wimbledon Common, and other spots once sacred to the duel, talked fiercely of pursuing Dartwell up to the very Russian lines—and meant it too. But a little of calm, sad explanation from poor Eva herself dispelled all hope or thought of such savage satisfaction. She had not been deceived; she had only deceived herself. Dartwell had never made love to her—never spoke one word of love to her. In truth, the experienced dragoon never meant to commit himself, and never did. Let us do him justice: he intended no particular harm. He had beguiled a time that might have been dull by flirting with the prettiest and brightest girl he could find. He did this every where and always. Each flirtation came to its end in due course; finished as a ball or a game of billiards must finish. He supposed this was quite understood on both sides, and did not imagine that the end of the game brought any profounder regrets to the other player than it did to himself. Let it be owned, too, that in this he was generally right. The regulation coquette of an English garrison town has a heart which is about as susceptible of the keen and genuine pangs of love as the whalebone of her stays.

But with poor Eva the case was sadly different. She began to wither. Love and disappointment and shame and grief were literally consuming her. She bitterly reproached herself for her blindness, and for her cruelty to poor Will Hepworth; and her grief was none the less profound and piercing because with every day she began more and more to understand how factitious, illusory, and unreal had been the feeling which had led her to sacrifice so much for one who could make her no return. Poor little romantic, self-deluding creature, she never had really loved Dartwell at all, but only an eidolon, a hero of her own creation. She had given up all, and got nothing in exchange. So she was pining visibly, and the doctors at last said she must be taken away, quite away, from the air and the associations of the place for a long time; and her parents took her away accordingly.

Where all this time was Will Hepworth? He had left the scene of his love and his disappointment the very day after his parting with poor Eva, and he was traveling resolutely over Europe and Asia, determined that he would never return home until he could bring a sound, healthy heart with him, free of hopeless love, and cured of disappointment. Two years had gone over, and he was at Cairo, after long wandering by the Nile. He had shunned English papers, for the most part, during his exile; but now, at Shepherd's Hotel, he took up an old number of the *Times*, and read of the famous attack, frustrated in the first instance, on the Redan, and saw that among the officers who were killed there was the Honorable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow.

He laid down the paper, deeply moved.

"Poor Eva!" he thought. "She is a widow now."

Somebody had written to him soon after his leaving home that Eva was just about to be married to Dartwell, and he rushed away wildly into Hungary, giving no address and writing no letters; and he took it for granted that the marriage was an accomplished fact, and asked and heard no more about it.

"Poor Eva—poor dear girl! I am very, very sorry for her loss. Good God, how I did love that girl once!"

More wandering, and then, believing himself heart-whole, he resolved to go home. He passed through Italy and Switzerland, and paused for a day or two at dear, delightful Interlachen. And lo! as he stood on the lawn of one of the great hotels he saw Eva Tresilian, dressed in deep mourning, pass by, leaning on her father's arm. She was very pale, but very beautiful; and, alas for our heart-whole friend, all the old passion came rushing and throbbing within him again, and he knew that he was still madly in love with her, and that his long pilgrimage had been made in vain!

Perhaps he would even now have avoided her, though he saw her in her grief. But she saw him. Her father had left her, and entered the hotel, and she looked round and recognized Will Hepworth, and came up to him with flushing face and timid, tearful eyes; and there were greetings, at once affectionate and constrained, tender and embarrassed.

"I am very sorry to see you in mourning, Eva," said the young man—he would only call her Eva—"and I know the cause, and indeed, indeed, I grieved over it."

"Yes, Will. She was always very fond of you."

"*She*, Eva? Who?"

"Oh, I thought you knew! My poor, dear mother. She died at Nice six months ago. She is happy now." And Eva's eyes filled with tears. *She* was not happy.

"I thought," stammered Will, very awkwardly—"I thought you were in mourning for *him*—for Captain Dartwell, of course."

"Oh no, Will. I had not seen poor Captain Dartwell for nearly two years. I am very sorry for him. It was a sad thing that he should be cut off so prematurely. He had much about him that was manly; but I never thought of going into mourning for him. I had my own grief and loss to occupy me."

"Your own grief and loss! Why, Eva, I always thought— Good Heavens! are you not married?"

Eva gave a sad smile.

"No, Will, I am not married. Did you really suppose I was married to poor Dartwell? Indeed no. To do him justice, I must say that he never asked me. No, Will. I deluded myself, and made a fool of myself, and I behaved very shamefully to *you*, and I was rightly punished. Poor Dartwell never cared about me, and, indeed, I very soon come to know that I never in my heart truly cared about him. So let that pass. I sinned, and have suffered. And now about yourself, Will? I hope—oh, indeed I do—that *you* are happy, and that you are married!"

Need I give Will Hepworth's answer? If there is any reader alive so dull as not to know that the story ended happily for these two, and how it ended, then I can only say that to such dull reader I shall not condescend to offer any further explanation.

VIOLINS.

IT has been sometimes said that the merit of a violin is not so much in its make as (1.) in the age, and (2.) the quality of vibration produced in the wood by incessant use. It may be answered, first, that no doubt age improves violins, but age will never make a good violin out of a bad one; witness the host of violins that were made in the time of Straduarius by makers whose names are either known as greatly inferior to his, or forgotten altogether. Again, that using a violin keeps it in good condition is no doubt true; but, first, that much using a bad one will make it good, or, secondly, that a good one is not made so except by much use, are both untenable propositions; for, first, how many bad fiddles are there that have been scraped assiduously for ages, and are as bad as can be; and, secondly—here is a remarkable and conclusive fact—there was a perfect Straduarius of 1716 in the collection of Count Cozio de Salabue, which until a few years ago had never been used at all. It is now in the possession of M. Vuillaume, and, on being played not long ago for the first time, proved equal, if not superior, to the very finest violins by the great maker. It is the only one of his instruments which has come down to us in perfect preservation.

Thus it would appear that the secret of excellence lies neither in age nor use, but must be sought elsewhere.

The excellence of a violin depends, roughly speaking, upon two ranges of qualities: 1. The thickness, density, and collocation of the various woods. 2. On the nature and direction of the curves.

1. The front of a violin is of soft deal, the back and sides are of maple. Now it is well known that a piece of wood, like a string in tension, can be set in vibration, and will then yield a certain musical note; the pitch of that note will depend upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood; and that note will be generated by a certain number of sound-waves or vibrations. Now, when the back or front of a violin is covered with fine sand, and struck, or otherwise caused to vibrate, the sound will arrange itself in certain lines, corresponding to the waves of sound which generate the note belonging to the back or front, as the case may be. M. Savart maintains that, after testing a great many of Straduarius's violins in this way, he found that all the finest gave the same note, but that in no case was the note of the front the same as the note of the back. Further experiment showed that in the finest violins there was a whole note between the back and the front, and that any departure from this rule was accompanied with injury to the tone. There is probably a general kind of truth at the bottom of these remarks, although some suspicion has been thrown on the worth and extent of M. Savart's experiments by some of our experienced makers; however, the following facts, stated necessarily with considerable roughness, may be relied upon:

For the front of the violin you must choose a very light, soft, and porous wood—there is nothing better in this way than common deal. When dry, if you cut a section, and look at it through the microscope, you will see it to be full of little hollow cells, once filled with sap; the more of such cells there are, the more quickly will the wood vibrate to sound. Of such wood, then, we make the table of harmony, or sound-board, or belly of our violin. But in proportion to the quickness will be the thinness and evanescence of the sound, and, if the back vibrated as quickly as the front, the sound would be very poor. Accordingly we take maple wood for the back. It is a harder wood, containing less sap, and consequently fewer hollow cells when dry. It therefore vibrates more slowly than deal; the effect of this is to detain the waves of sound radiating from the deal, and to mix them with slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument. The ribs or sides of the violin, which are also made of maple, serve to connect the quickly vibrating belly with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them until both throb together with full pulsation and body of sound. But we must not omit to mention a little bit of stick called the sound-post, which is stuck upright inside the violin, just under the bridge, and helps the front to support the strain put upon it by the strings. This insignificant little post, connecting as it does the inside roof of the belly directly with the back, is so important in helping to communicate and mix the vibrations that the French have called it the "soul of the violin;" indeed, by moving it only a hair's breadth, a sensible difference in the quality of the tone is produced, and a whole morning may be sometimes wasted in putting it up and shifting it about from one side to the other. The best possible advice to all amateurs is, when your sound-post is up, leave it alone; but if it is evidently in the wrong place, don't attempt to alter it yourself, but have it set right by some first-rate violin doctor.

But we have not quite done with the vibratory qualities of the wood. Great skill must be exercised in the choice of woods. You might cut up a dozen maple-trees without finding a piece of wood so smooth and regular in grain, and of such even density, as some of the Straduarius backs; and then, although deal is more porous than maple, yet all deal has not the same porousness, nor is all maple equally close-grained. Consequently, two pieces of deal of equal dimensions will not give the same note.

2. But we must not forget to say a word about the curves. The general shape of the violin has been fixed, after years of varied experiment. It is not shaped so for convenience (although its last most perfect shape happens to be also the most convenient), but because its final shape is acoustically proved to be the best. The most important curves are the longitudinal and latitudinal lines of the belly and the back. At first viols were made flat like guitars, then in all sorts of fanciful curves; the older ones are thick and bulgy, like pumpkins. The curve gradually subsided, until we get the exquisite wavy lines of Straduarius. That curve is so graceful because it is the curve of nature. Set a string in vibration, and you will get the curve in the rise of a Straduarius back. And I am told that it is one of the most modern discoveries that this curve itself—as it were distilled from a vibration—is the only one which is found perfectly to conduct the vibratory waves of sound.

But the sides or ribs also call for special notice. The height of these determines, of course, the air-bearing capacity of the instrument. It is found by experiment that all the best violins contain about the same amount of air, and that a certain fixed relation between their air-bearing capacity and the thickness of the wood is always adhered to. And any departure from this rule is found to injure the intensity of the sound. If there is too much air the deep tones are dull and feeble, the high notes thin and screamy; if too little air, the deep tones are harsh, and the first string loses its brilliancy.

Again, if the sounding-board is too thin, the sonority will be poor and weak; if too thick, the vibrations will be slow and stiff, or, as violin-players say, the instrument will not "speak." Arch the sounding-board too much, or make it too flat, in either case the equilibrium of the mass of air will be disturbed, and the sound will be muffled and nasal.

The shape and proportions of the two *ff's* can not safely be departed from; no more can the model and the various incisions of the bridge. Immense numbers of holes, of all shapes and sizes, were tried, and also every possible description of bridge, before Straduarius fixed the pattern, which no good violin-maker has since ventured to alter or modify in the least degree.

THE PLEBISCITE IN ROME.

THE capture of Rome by the royal Italian army, on the 22d day of September, was followed, on the 2d of October, by the Plebiscite, or universal voting of the population, upon the question of their political union with the rest of the nation. This took place simultaneously in all the municipal districts of the capital city, and in each of the five provinces—forming a territory about a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, but containing not more than 600,000 souls. It was arranged by the corporate authorities of the city districts, invited by the provisional government to execute the decree for taking this vote, that the people of Rome should be requested to assemble under the banners of the different guilds or trade-unions—as the lawyers, the physicians, the sculptors and painters, the musicians, the jewelers, the cabinet-makers, the printers, the hatters, and the shoemakers—accompanied by the Italian flag; and that they should march round to visit each district voting-place, where a tent was erected, with the national standard above it, and an urn was provided to deposit the voting-tickets. Only the 11th district, being the Leonine City, on the right bank of the Tiber, which contains the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Hospital of Santo Spirito, was not allowed a voting-place of its own, because the Italian government had intended, if the Pope would come to terms, that this district should remain under Papal sovereignty, and not be annexed to the Italian kingdom. But many of the inhabitants of the Leonine City, not belonging to the Papal household or to the Cathedral and other ecclesiastical institutions there, demanded of the provisional government that they should be permitted to come out and register their votes in another part of Rome. It was therefore agreed that any of these might exercise his right of suffrage at any of the district voting-places; but they also, with the assistance of a political club called the Circolo Romano, established for themselves a special booth just opposite the Ponte St. Angelo, with a glass urn to contain their voting-tickets, which could be plainly read as they were put in. Every ticket bore the answer of the voter, "Yes" or "No," to the following proposal: "We will our union to the kingdom of Italy, under the monarchical, constitutional government of King VICTOR EMANUEL II. and his successors," headed with the figure of the she-wolf, the ancient emblem of Rome, and with the initial letters, S.P.Q.R., which have, during many historical centuries, been understood to mean "Senatus Populusque Romani." The citizens not belonging to the guild of any trade or profession came singly to vote, between eight o'clock in the morning and noon. Every voter was presented by the officials at the voting-place with two tickets, one affirmative, the other negative, of the question to be decided, and he was enabled to put which he pleased into the urn. The result was that more than 42,000 of the adult male population of the city voted for the union with the Italian kingdom, and more than 130,000 in the provinces, while only some hundreds actually recorded their votes against it, as the greater number of those who disapproved it abstained from voting.

The business of voting in the city was concluded, and the closed urns, each carried on a cushion by the official notary who had counted the tickets, were borne in procession to the Capitol, upon which classical hillock stands the Palace of the Senators and Civic Conservators, now occupied by the provisional government. This building, as shown in the illustration on page 765, is flanked to the right and left by the two Capitoline museums of Painting and Sculpture, the latter of which contains the "Dying Gladiator" and other famous works of art. In the centre of the Piazza before the palace stands the bronze equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, the wise and good emperor and moral philosopher; while the two groups of Castor and Pollux, each man holding a horse, guard the summit of a broad flight of low stone steps, ascending the hill from the level of the modern city. The scene here, at half past six in the evening, was superb. The buildings on the Capitol were adorned both with the gorgeous crimson and gold banners of the old Roman Senate, and with the Italian tricolor, red, white, and green; the Piazza and its steps were brightly illuminated by standard oil-burners ranged along each side, and evergreen plants and garlands of foliage completed its decoration. The procession from each district of the city was headed by four torch-bearers and a band of music, with the standard of the Rione, escorted by the Vigili, or firemen, who were attired, like French pompiers, in semi-military uniform and burnished helmets; and the urns were guarded by men in a curious antiquated livery, that of the Senators' pages, red and yellow jerkins, breeches, and mantles, with velvet hats. The banners of the trade corporations, and the holiday dresses of the spectators, who thronged all the accessible space, enhanced the gay and festive aspect of the scene.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MANY months ago sundry sensational advertisements announced that various merchants and dealers in our good city had "resumed specie payment," and that people who favored them with patronage should receive "change" in genuine silver. Walking up and down Broadway in those days a sharp-eyed individual might have discovered more than one big basket full of coin, rigorously guarded from the light-fingered. Sharp-eyed, we say—for much of the coin bore any thing but a brilliant appearance, being bent, battered, and begrimed. It looked, in short, as if it had been "through the wars." But it was silver, and silver was a rarity then, and, notwithstanding those basketfuls, still continues to be very much a rarity to common people. We find our fractional currency an excellent substitute, and have faith to believe there are piles of silver stowed away—*somewhere*. If this hidden treasure ever sees the light, it must be dim with age. But Nature keeps stored up a good supply of this precious metal, which, coined and burnished, will come into timely circulation. On the north shore of Lake Superior, in the British Possessions, an island of silver has been recently discovered. The island is small, about one hundred feet by forty, and the most of it is submerged at high-water. The company who own the ground made it their first business to construct such works about the island as to render the interior nearly water-tight, and the use of two siphon pumps keeps it entirely clear of water. Then they commenced opening the vein, and now have exposed seventy feet in length, and find it to be a true fissure vein, with perpendicular walls, the vein of silver matrix being calcareous spar, with some little quartz intermixed. The vein is eight feet wide, and eye-witnesses state that for one-quarter of this width it will average seventy per cent. of pure silver. On the first trial after the water was expelled six men took out $35,000 worth of silver in four days; and, up to the latest accounts, the working has been continued at about this rate. Already 123 barrels of native silver, estimated to be worth $75,000 to $100,000, have been shipped. Other rich mines of silver are reported to have been found on the north shore of the main land, in the range of the silver island.

Some calculating Englishman has made a computation to the effect that if every individual in Paris should take a mouthful of food less every day than he would in time of plenty (supposing that mouthful to be about an ounce), the saving would amount to 1,875,000 pounds, or 6697 sacks of 280 pounds daily, 46,879 sacks weekly, and in the course of one year, if it were possible the siege could last so long, the consumption would be reduced by 2,437,808 sacks of 280 pounds each.

The announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Louisa to the Marquis of Lorne has excited unusual interest, both on account of the personal popularity of the Princess in England, and the somewhat romantic circumstance of a "princess of the blood" forming a matrimonial alliance with a commoner. Princes have frequently broken through the law of birth, but marriages between princesses and subjects have occurred but in few instances, and always under peculiar circumstances. The Marquis of Lorne, though a subject, is one of the highest in the realm, being heir to a ducal peerage, and by right of descent a Scottish chieftain of the first rank. He is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle, and derives his title from that district of Argyleshire commonly known as Lorne. He early appeared among noble authors, having published a book entitled "A Trip to the Tropics;" and he has subsequently distinguished himself in Parliament by a conscientious independence which has at least once led him to vote against the ministry of which his father is an eminent member.

Over two hundred Papal Zouaves recently arrived at this port on their way to their homes in Canada. About twelve months ago eight hundred of these men left Canada, and sailed for Europe, with the express intention of aiding the Pope in maintaining his authority over the Italian provinces. When Rome capitulated they were made prisoners, but were ultimately paroled, and transferred by the Italian government to England, whence their passage was paid by Canadian friends to this country.

From the census it appears that there are in San Francisco 11,817 Chinese, of whom 2040 are females, and 1148 are under fifteen years of age. They own but little real or personal property.

Tennyson will shortly appear before the public again in a series of twelve brief poems connected by a love story, and illustrated both by the pencil and by music. Mr. Arthur Hughes will give the artistic illustrations of the new work, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan will set to music these latest utterances of the poet-laureate.

The sad story of the loss of three travelers and eight guides and porters on Mont Blanc last September is familiar to our readers. It will be remembered, also, that several vain attempts were made to recover the bodies. Late accounts give a description of the continued search, and the finding of the remains of some of the lost. At Chamouni telescopes were constantly used; and about ten days after the unfortunate travelers had made the ascent some black spots were discerned between Les Petits Mulets and the summit of Mont Blanc. About fifty persons commenced searching, and several bodies were found. Among which were those of Rev. Mr. M'Corkendale, of Scotland, and Dr. Beane, of Baltimore. Both were found in a sitting posture. A letter written by Dr. Beane, bearing several dates, reveals the fact that they were conscious of their situation. The last date was the evening of September 7, when he wrote: "We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snow-storm. We are lost. We are in a grotto dug in the snow, at a height of 15,000 feet. I have no hope of descending. We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am already exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with the sweet thought of my family, my friendships, and all. I hope that we shall meet in heaven." The letter contained directions relative to his private affairs, and closed abruptly, as if his strength suddenly failed.

An interesting and graphic account of the trip of General Burnside and his aid, Mr. Forbes, from Versailles to Paris, is given by an American lady, lately residing in the French capital, and from it we make a brief extract:

> "They were blindfolded when the moment came for leaving, and accompanied by an officer waving a white flag, while on one side of them rode a trumpeter, blowing lustily from time to time. In this way they advanced as far as Longchamps (about five miles from Paris), where they were stopped rather unpleasantly, eight shots being fired at them in rapid succession! Their trumpeter sounded his trumpet, and their officer waved his flag. Mr. Forbes, who has seen all sorts of things, 'from China to Peru,' as the poet says, declares that the next fifteen minutes were very solemn, as they waited in the deathlike stillness for the answering trumpet. At last it sounded, and then the French came out from their intrenchments, and escorted them into Paris."

The Pope has put forth a protest, in which he complains chiefly that, as he has no longer control over the post-office, since the Italian government can not be trusted to convey his letters, he is "wholly destitute of the means of communicating" with his children which "the vicar of Jesus Christ and the common father of the faithful" ought to possess.

A Japanese official, who had received an English education, sent the following unique acknowledgment of a present of a photograph of an American steamer, which was accompanied with an invitation to dine on board of her:

> "SADO *6th August* 1870
>
> "MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for present very beutifull a photograph of your ship this morning to me, and I should have any longer to keep and dlight myself for rare and costly.
>
> "I accept for your kindly invitation at 1 o'clock to-morrow to your steamer and then my officers are pleasant to see you as well as my happiness.
>
> "I have the honor to be, my Lord,
>
> "KATO DAISANEL."

Brooklyn is ahead of New York in some things. A novel plan of warming the street-cars on some of the Brooklyn lines has been introduced. A small cylinder stove is used, so protected as to prevent the clothing of passengers coming in contact with it.

The Jesuits are said to have nearly all left Rome, mostly in citizens' clothes, and so privately that the time of their departure was scarcely known. Before the edict was passed prohibiting religious societies from selling their property they disposed of most of theirs, on condition that they can repurchase it at any future time at the same price paid for it.

Bismarck lately received a letter marked "private." It was opened by his confidential clerk, who had read only a few lines when he was seized with violent pains in the head, and fell back in a swoon. Another clerk picked it up, and felt the same symptoms. After a little while they recovered, and carried the document to a chemist, who soon ascertained that the letter had been poisoned with veratrine, a subtle and dangerous substance, the odor of which mounts into the brain, and is very liable to produce death or insanity.

The nurse of the youngest child of the Crown Prince of Prussia was a French girl. She had a brother in the army, who fell at Weissenburg. Intent on revenging her brother's death, she dropped the innocent child over a balustrade; and had not its clothing caught in a metal ornament it would have been dashed to death on the marble floor below. It was afterward discovered that she had frequently threatened to take revenge on the Prussians.

Two Americans are stated to have been in Metz during the whole of the siege—Charles M. Eustice, of Boston, and Dr. Boylan, of New Haven. The latter belonged to the American Ambulance Corps. According to all accounts, Metz seems to have been abundantly provisioned for some months.

Pea-nuts are a staple production in some of the Southern States. Who would think that during 1869 235,000 bushels of these nuts were received in New York city alone? Virginia will send to market this year 400,000 bushels, Tennessee 300,000, Georgia and the Carolinas from 150,000 to 200,000 bushels. The crop is profitable and easily raised, and the yield in poor soil ranges from eighty to one hundred and twenty bushels to the acre. Formerly all that were used in the North and West were imported, the South generally raising enough for its own use alone; but now every freedman who can procure a piece of land puts in a crop of these nuts, and farmers, having found them profitable, are raising them on a large scale. In this country we use them only as a luxury, but both in France and Germany they are valued for the oil which they contain, which, after being expressed, is used for adulterating olive-oil, and is highly esteemed for salad dressing.

Population is not decreasing every where. A few weeks ago a man sixty-four years old passed through Nevada City looking for a location in which to settle. He had with him ninety-four children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He stated that his brother was soon coming with one hundred and seventeen children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. A woman, who was sitting in a wagon belonging to the migratory party, being asked how many children she had, looked around as if counting the flock about her, and answered, "I had fourteen when I started, and I guess they are all here."

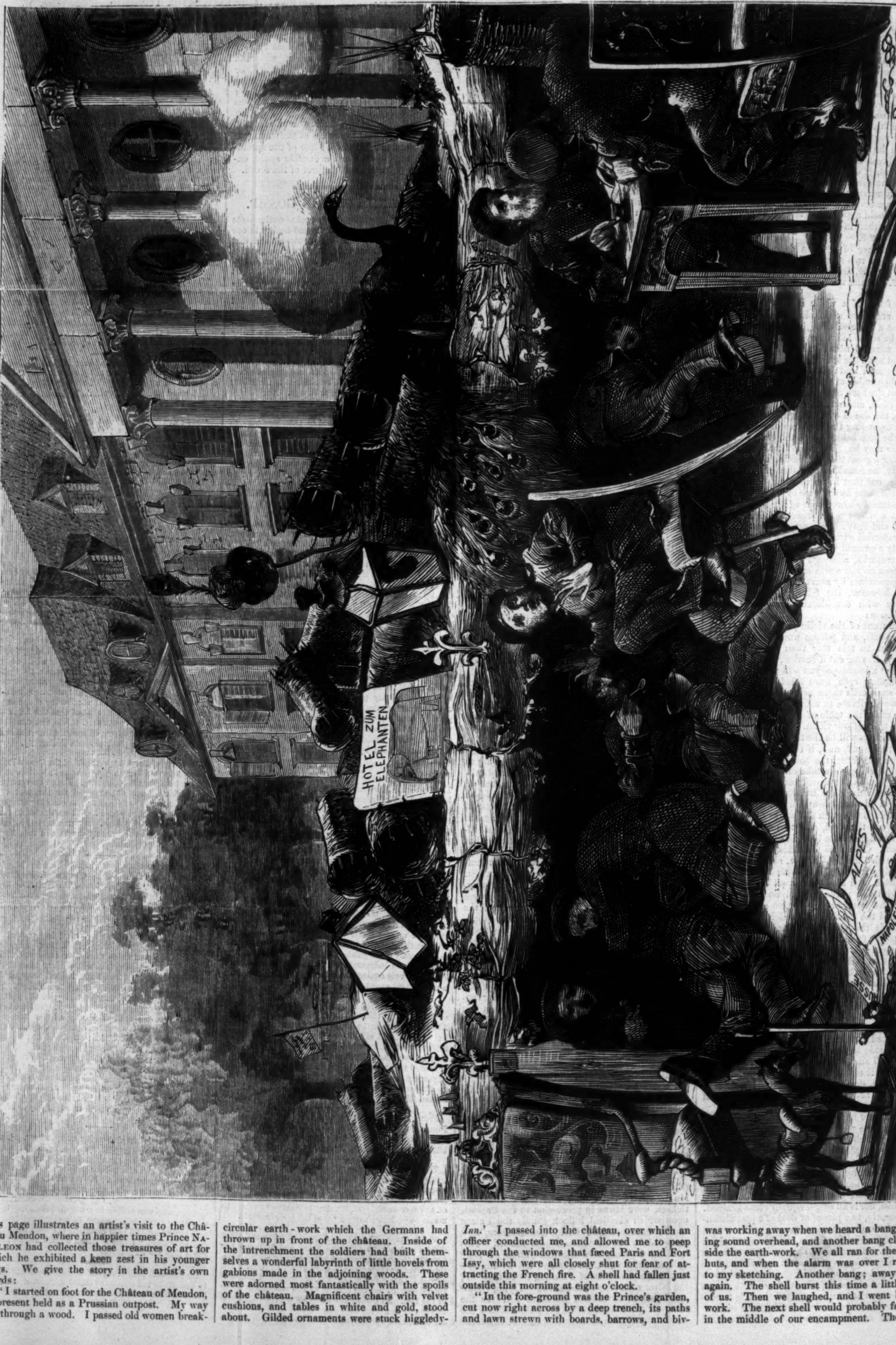
An Alsatian lady has publicly expressed her ability to undertake the charge of 50,000 Amazons. She and her two aids-de-camp declare that they understand how to handle a Chassepot, and their motto will be "Never retreat."

THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

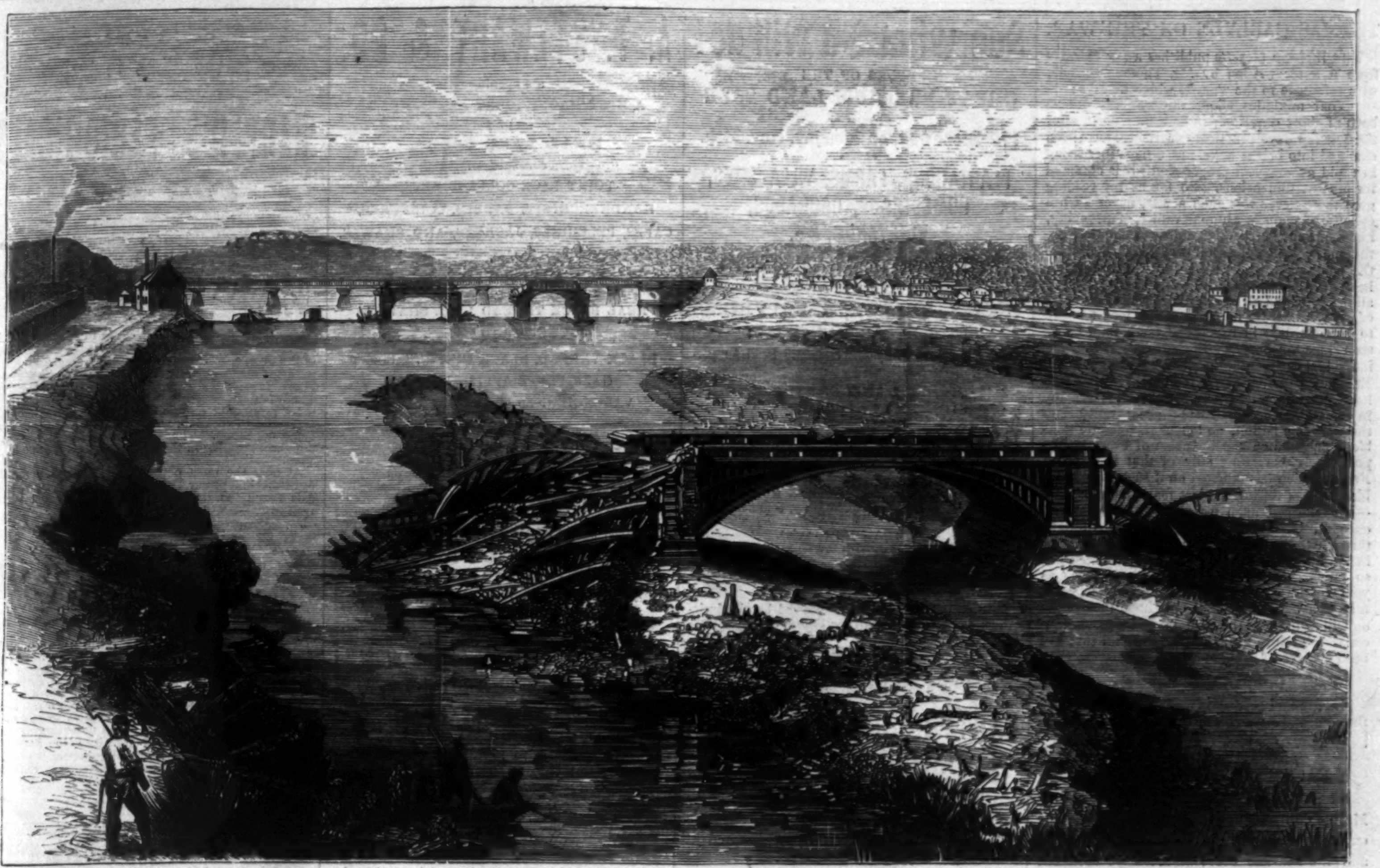
Correspondents and artists who accompany armies to the field run full as many risks as those who are actually engaged in fighting. Their vocation compels them to seek the front in order to observe and record, with pen and pencil, the most stirring incidents of the day. The engraving on this page illustrates an artist's visit to the Château Meudon, where in happier times Prince Napoleon had collected those treasures of art for which he exhibited a keen zest in his younger days. We give the story in the artist's own words:

"I started on foot for the Château of Meudon, at present held as a Prussian outpost. My way lay through a wood. I passed old women breaking up and carrying off for kindling the branches of trees the French had felled and thrown across the road; boys climbing for sweet chestnuts, which, they told me, now formed a considerable portion of the peasant diet; and several *loafers.* I came to a picket, whose officer in command sent me with a soldier to his colonel in the château. We passed over a fosse defending a semicircular earth-work which the Germans had thrown up in front of the château. Inside of the intrenchment the soldiers had built themselves a wonderful labyrinth of little hovels from gabions made in the adjoining woods. These were adorned most fantastically with the spoils of the château. Magnificent chairs with velvet cushions, and tables in white and gold, stood about. Gilded ornaments were stuck higgledy-piggledy into the wicker-work. Over one domicile the Sunday hat of the Prince, terribly crushed, and decorated with a peacock's feather, hung triumphant; and the hut was further decorated with a sign-board, on which the soldiers had drawn an elephant, and written '*The Elephant Tavern.*' Over another hut stood a stuffed black swan, and this, of course, was the '*Black Swan Inn.*' I passed into the château, over which an officer conducted me, and allowed me to peep through the windows that faced Paris and Fort Issy, which were all closely shut for fear of attracting the French fire. A shell had fallen just outside this morning at eight o'clock.

"In the fore-ground was the Prince's garden, cut now right across by a deep trench, its paths and lawn strewn with boards, barrows, and bivouac *débris;* but one could still tell that it had been a garden from the little oases of flower-beds which still dotted the desert. In the distance lay Paris, with its *enceinte* and engirdling forts, of which latter we are within range, as I found before long; for, returning to the Black Swan Inn, I sat down and began to make a sketch, the soldiers gathering round me, and I was working away when we heard a bang, a hissing sound overhead, and another bang close outside the earth-work. We all ran for the fascine huts, and when the alarm was over I returned to my sketching. Another bang; away we ran again. The shell burst this time a little short of us. Then we laughed, and I went back to work. The next shell would probably fall right in the middle of our encampment. The direc-



AT THE PRUSSIAN BARRICADES—THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

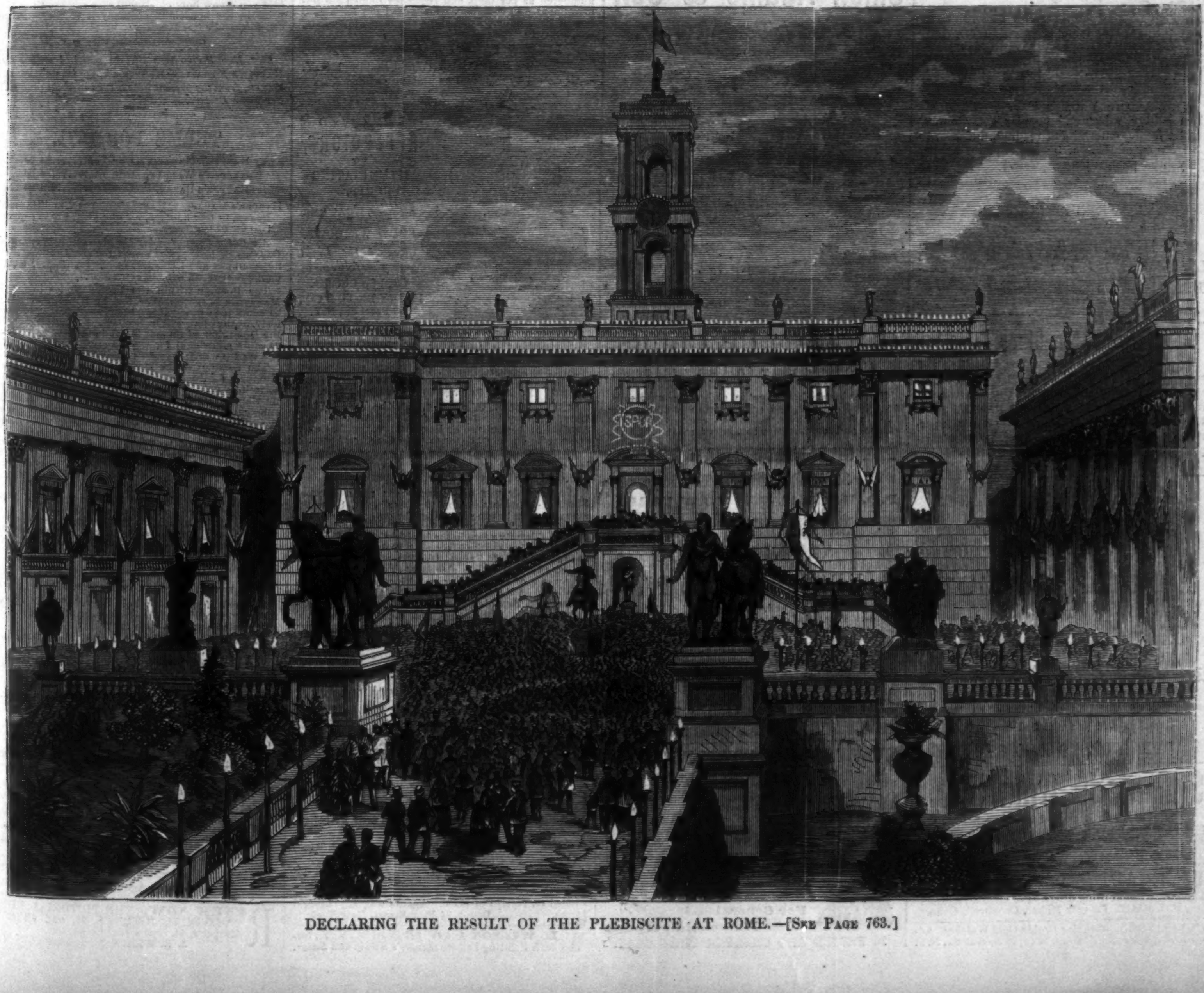


THE DEFENSE OF PARIS—THE BRIDGES OF ASNIERES AND CLICHY, ACROSS THE SEINE, DESTROYED.

tion of the others had been excellent, and the French had only to hit the golden mean in distance to hit us also, in which case our fascine huts would have been but of little service to us. They did not hit it, however, though they fired several times, and each time we ran away to shelter ourselves under the huts."

SEINE BRIDGES DESTROYED.

THE defense of Paris has rendered necessary the destruction of some of the finest and most expensive monuments of engineering skill in the vicinity of that city. Bridges, railway viaducts, roads, and embankments, on which years of labor and millions of capital have been expended, were blown up or otherwise destroyed in the attempt to retard the Prussian advance. The engraving on this page will give the reader some idea of the thoroughness with which this work was done. Had it been effectual in any degree the destruction would have been less to be regretted; but the Prussian commanders assert that their march was not delayed more than two or three hours by the obstacles thus placed in their way. Their engineers, supplied with every facility for construction, replaced the bridges, cleared away obstructions, and rebuilt the railroads, almost as fast as they were destroyed.



DECLARING THE RESULT OF THE PLEBISCITE AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE WAR.

THE *Weimar Gazette* publishes a few extracts from a letter written by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with reference to the war, in which he says:

"Your anxieties about the war must have been of short duration; in fact, they must, after the first few days' practical experience, have been changed into bright hope, into a hope increasing in rapid geometrical progression till it obtained its present dimensions. So far as my reading goes there never was such a war, never such a collapse of shameless human vanity, of menacing, long-continued arrogance, into contemptible nothingness. Blow has followed blow as if from the hammer of Thor, till it lies like a shapeless heap of ruins, whining to itself, 'In the name of all the gods and all the devils, what is to become of us?'......All Germany may now look forward to happier days in a political sense than it has seen since the Emperor Barbarossa left it. My individual satisfaction in all this is great, and all England, I can say all the intelligent in England, heartily wish good fortune to brave old Germany in what it has accomplished—a real transformation into one nation, no longer the chaotic jumble which invited the intrusion of every ill-disposed neighbor, especially of that ill-disposed France which has inflicted on it such interminable mischief during the last four hundred years—wars heaped upon wars without real cause, except insatiable French ambition. All that, through God's grace, is now at an end. I have, in my time, seen nothing in Europe which has so much delighted me. 'A brave people,' as your Goethe calls them, and, as I believe, a peaceful and a virtuous one. I only hope that Heaven will send them the wisdom, patience, and pious discretion to turn to a right use all that has been achieved."

NOTICE and read the Organ advertisement of the Messrs. SMITH, on last page of this paper.—[*Com.*]

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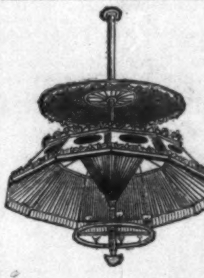

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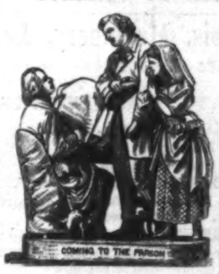

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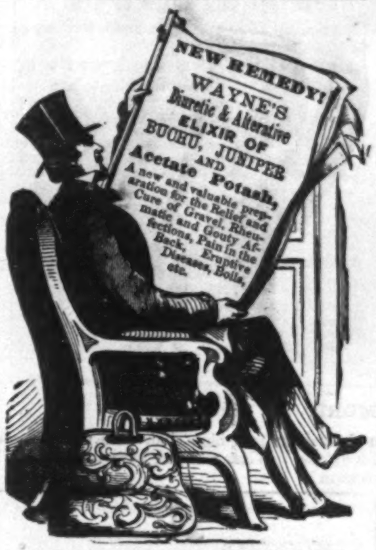
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